





# HARDENED AND HOPELESS.

not say speedily, but suddenly! Look out! The blow long suspended falls like a dash of lightning at last. There is a rebel against God who has lifted his puny arm of rebellion for thirty, forty, and fifty years, who has been smitten down at a stroke without having time to say, "God be merciful to me a sinner." God is not mocked. Oh, let me for a minute or two show you you ally in putting off! We know it is true in nature as well as spiritual things that the longer a man is familiar with the truth without obeying it, the less probable it is that he will obey it. Covetous a young man that it is to his interest to pursue a certain course of conduct, if it does not at once make up his mind to pursue it, he will be far more likely to neglect it a second time till you say, "It is no more likely to him, because he has resisted all the truth that can be brought to bear upon him." And it is equally true of divine things.

You who have put it off time after time, if you persevere in this course of conduct, you will never be saved. Your damnation is as sure as if it were already accomplished, because the longer you go on listening to the truth without obeying it, the harder you become. You are forging a chain, every day adding another link, and wrapping it round and round you, and yet you go on adding links. And look how unphilosophically you reason. You say, "When I have found myself round and round, and break it." You are binding yourself faster and faster, and yet you say, "When I am fastest of all, I will break it and jump out." Will you?

## THE DEVIL WILL USE YOU.

You will have to close it with saying, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended and I am not saved." My friends, give up this practice. Oh, when I look back, when I think— dare not look back and call up the evidences of the illustrations of this awful fact that I have known in my experience, for you know there are many stages in this heart-hardening process. Some are not so far that they are "past feeling." Their consciences are "seared as with a red-hot iron," "twice dead." It does not matter what God Almighty says, they will never be saved; they are "past feeling." I hope there are none of this class here. They have got right to the verge of the pit; another step and they are in, and it will be all over with them.

There is another stage, not so far on, but getting on. They have periods of feeling, but they have long spells of hardening and unbelief when they seem to realize nothing of God or eternity.

## IT IS ALL A BLANK.

And then they have a period of feeling when they are uneasy, and they weep and pray and struggle and promise, but they never cut off the right-hand side, or pluck out the right-eye sin; they never come out and give themselves to God. And then there is another class to whom I turn with a great deal more hope—the young and tender, whose hearts are susceptible of divine things, who not only have periods of feeling, but who feel most of the time. Who say, "Lord, I want to serve and love Thee." These hearts are not hardened by sin. Oh, my young friends, to you I appeal to-night and especially to you with hope. Don't begin the heart-hardening process. Don't allow Satan to persuade you to begin. Don't go the circuitous way that many of all folk go, and try to find out there is only one thing, and that is in Christ. Will you forsake Him? The Lord help you. Amen!

and tender. Yield now! Give in! Don't put off! Don't procrastinate, for if you do, when you get into the darkness of the hardened state, when there is no water to wash your heart, and no God to answer your bitter cry, and when for ever and ever, it will be too late then. Oh, yield now!

I think I see Pharaoh as he stood upon the banks of the Red Sea, when God's last visitation fell upon him, for I do not believe God gave Pharaoh up till he set his foot in that sea to follow his people. I have such an opinion of the loving mercy of God. I so believe that He loved Pharaoh just as much as any other sinner, that I don't believe God even gave Pharaoh up till that last set of his hardened heart. Oh, I think I see Pharaoh as he stood upon the banks of the Red Sea, and I think I see the Angel of Mercy.

## MAKING ONE MORE EFFORT.

to step him in his course, however, as it were, over him, and raising the controversy once more in his conscience, and saying, "Pharaoh, had you not better yield? Is it wise for you to dare and defy this God of the Hebrews again? Who has killed all the first-born of the people? Suppose He should make His final stroke in your destruction and the destruction of the flower of your army? Suppose He should, after you were in the trough of the sea, bring the waters down on your head?" Oh, I can seem to see the struggle of the king, and hear his heart beat, as it were, with the devil and his earthly interests and friends on one side, and God and salvation on the other. And mind, nobody can settle this question but himself. I think I see the angel hovering over him—the angel that will take his flight and the final word spoken in Pharaoh's heart. But that heart was hardened as it had been so often previously. He decided to would pursue after Jehovah's chosen people; and in his go, followed by his mighty hosts to defy the God of Israel. The angel of mercy takes his last and flight, there is no more controversy. Now, Pharaoh is given over to the devil. Now he is as hard as the adamant at the bottom of the sea upon which he walks. He goes to

## HIS LAST ACT OF DEFIANCE.

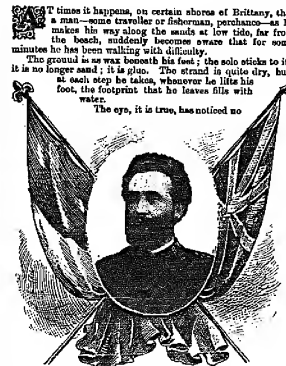
and down come the waters on him and his hosts. That is the end of his rebellion. Will you risk it? Will you chance? He will be too strong for you. He was too strong for Pharaoh. He will be too strong for you. There is a flood ahead of you—a dark, cold river. You will have to face it. You will come to the bank and shiver and shrink, and take hold of your father and mother's hands, and say, "Good-bye," and however much their loving hearts may long to plunge in with you and help you over, they cannot, they will have to stand back—your wife, your husband? Oh, how their hearts will test for you, and how they will yearn to help you across, but they cannot! All those who have loved you, those ministers who have cautioned and warned you in life; but, no.

## YOU MUST BE ALONE!

Sinner, how are you going in? Will you go in in rebellion, or in peace, and amity and friendship? Shall there be a covenant made upon the one side and the other side to bear you over, or will you venture to risk and defy the wrath of Almighty God? He'll be behind you, and the river of death is before you. There is only one thing, and that is in Christ. Will you have Him? The Lord help you. Amen!

# ENGORGED.

BY COLUMBIA HOUSE, SOUTH-CAROLINA.



T times it happens, on certain shores of Brittany, that a man—some traveller or fisherman, perchance—as he makes his way along the beach at low tide, far from the beach, suddenly becomes aware that for some minutes he has been walking with difficulty. The ground is as wet beneath his feet, the sole sticks to it; it is no longer sand; it is glue. The strand is quite dry, but, at each step he takes, whenever he lifts his foot, the footprint that he leaves fills with water. The eye, it is true, has noticed no

late for hours; which does not at once and you; which, laying hold of you standing upright, free and in full bloom, drags you in by the feet; which, at every effort you put forth, every cry you give, drags you a little further down; which seems to punish your struggles by a redoubled grasp; which forces its victim gently into the earth, while letting him all the time look at the horizon, the trees, the green fields, the wreaths of smoke curling upwards from the villages on the plain, the sails of the vessels at sea, the birds that fly and sing, the sun, the sky. Engagement—it is the grave which makes itself into water and rises from the bottom of the earth towards the living man. Each minute is a pitiless grave-digger. The poor wretch tries to sit down, to lie, to creep; all the movements that he makes hurt him. He raises himself, he sinks; he feels himself being swallowed up. He shrieks, implores, cries to the clouds, waves his arms, despairing.

There he is, in the sand up to his waist; it reaches his chest; he is only a lank. He throws up his hands, pours forth furious groans, claps at the sand with his fists, would cling to this slender, lift himself on his elbows to draw himself from this soft shroud, sole frantically—the sand rises. It reaches his shoulders, reaches his neck; only the face can be seen now. The mouth cries, the sand fills it; silence. The eyes still glare, the sand shuts them; night. Then the forehead grows less, a little hair waves above the sand; a hand is thrust out, makes a hole in the surface of the sand, shakes and aims, and disappears. A wail of lament of a man!

## THE WORDS ARE VICTOR HUGO'S.

Pharaoh you are the man who is sinking. Sin is the shifting sand which rises and rises, laying hold little by little, with terrible power, all the faculties of him whom it grips. Sin has a gentleness that is deceptive. It gives no warning. It beckons, woo, seems to offer you ground that we may walk upon without danger. The weather is fine. All is smiling. Impossible that there should be a real and terrible danger there, just in front of us! So on we go. But soon we begin to realize that we have yielded to a terrible power—

## TRAMMEL AND RETZEL.

and whose grip becomes ever more and more irksome—the grip of death. Selfishness, anger, jealousy, envy, avarice, pride, lust,—we sink in them without at first realizing our true position. But what seems a good road is only a frightful tomb in disguise. This young man, for instance, dragged down little by little by some lust—how great is his anguish when he comes to face the fact that the sin to which he yielded carelessly enough at first now holds him in its grip, and that he is "condemned to a dreadful burial, slow, unfeeling, unending!" And this other, who all his life long has striven to reject any belief in God, trying to become a rationalist,

## A SCIENTIFIC SCIENTIST.

look at him now at his death-bed. He feels himself sinking, disappearing; he would fain have some hope beyond the grave, something or some one to cling to; but in this solemn hour the unbelief which he has cherished holds him captive and plunges his soul in darkness. He would fain have faith, but cannot.

The awakened man struggles, agonizes, strives, but strives in vain.

For him, the look of everything has suddenly changed: he "looks at the horizon, the sky, the trees" at life itself, like a man who feels himself dying. The whole world, in which others, only his guilty, solitary, seems to him to have suddenly covered itself with a pall; for he realizes that he is a sinner and that "the wages of sin is death." The shifting sand has caught him! "In the midst of life he is in death."

# Beyond the Work-House Gate.

BY ASSISTANT G. THOMAS.



her little daughter, who were huddled about the streets of this fashionable West-end of London, ill clad and hungry.

WAITING FOR THE OPENING OF THE WORK-HOUSE DOOR, looking with envy upon the well fed and warmly clad crowds who were returning from their various places of worship. Amongst the crowd they detected a woman with a face lit up with a strange, supernatural light, attired in a plain dress, and a poke bonnet on her head. They noticed her, and pleaded for a little assistance to purchase some bread and tea, as they had to wait about the cold, bleak streets till six o'clock, and had not broken their fast that day. The Salvationist was poor, having only a shilling in her possession, which she gave to them, but she was rich in the grace of God, and was able, as a consequence, to recommend Jesus as a "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother." The kindness of this respectable woman, and her condescension to talk and sympathize with two homeless, ragged wanderers

surprised them beyond anything else, for she didn't treat them as though they were beggars, but as sisters in possession of souls. At night they went to



the work-house, but that calm face, which was photographed on their minds, and sympathy rang in their ears, and each deeply conscious would never cease them.

Lying upon a bed in a hospital ward, suffering intensely, was the above-mentioned little girl. Disease had taken hold of the poor frame and had laid her low, and after being nursed and

doctored for some time, hope for her recovery could no longer be entertained, and death was apparently inevitable. "But what universe!" may be asked by some: "she's only a poor, wretched pauper; a misery to herself, and a burden on the nation." But her value was not estimated in that light by that strange, kind woman, who had met her some months before. It was by her kindness and touching words



that she had been led to think of her soul, and as she lay, day after day, getting weaker and weaker, the thought uppermost in her mind—yes! that absorbed her whole attention—was that Jesus, the Son of God, had condescended to die on a cross, between two thieves, so that she might go to heaven. The more she thought, the more mysterious the whole thing became, but at last the Holy Spirit opened her eyes, and after struggling and wrestling with doubts and fears as to whether the great God would save such a sinner as her or not. He came and revealed Himself to her, and then the strange light that lit up the Salvationist's face lit up her's, and she was enabled, when the summons came, by the grace of God, to face the dark river of death

WITHOUT A FEAR.

Before going into the presence of the King, she pleaded with her mother to go to the spot where they met the Salvationist, and remain there until she saw her, to tell her that she, too, had found the "Pearl of greatest price," and was gone to dwell eternally with Him in the Celestial City.

Months had passed since the poor girl had been hurried in a pauper's grave, and day after day the broken-hearted, lonely mother could be found near the spot where they met the Salvationist, hoping to see her once again so as to give her the little girl's dying message. At length, after wearily waiting at her little stall, week in and week out, which she had started in

order to earn a livelihood, the Salvationist again made her appearance, and with a heart full of gratitude, and her face

beamed with joy, she delivered the message from her little girl.

It is needless to say that the Salvationist was surprised beyond measure that a little act of hers should have met with such a blessed result! It came to her as a message from God, a little whisper of the Spirit, pointing out to her that on the same

"OIMMORTALITY" happenings in her daily life hang the eternal destinies of perishing souls! "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth" can not only refer to the beginnings of evil, but to the little unrecognized doings of a sanctified soul and the blessed influence imparted by those acts to those who surround us.

She felt humbled before God as she thought of how many times she had neglected opportunities such as this one had been, and from a tender heart contritened with Him that she

## TAKE SOUNDINGS.



little word or action likely to help some struggling soul should be withheld by her in the future. What a mistake to imagine that because you cannot take a prominent position in the soul-saving work you are hindered from working for the salvation of sinners! You may find, and that without seeking after it, hundreds of opportunities in which a little word or act of yours may have an eternal result for good upon some fellow-creature.

Oh! that all who know Him would cultivate the habit of speaking kindly to the poor and suffering, yes, to all men! How much more would be accomplished for the kingdom, and what hearts could be reached and consciences aroused, that are untouched by speaking of this very only dose. Good acts and kind words reach where everything else fails, as we readily see by the above simple incident. Who can understand the joy experienced by the one who dropped that little seed

INTO THEIR DESPERATE HEARTS! Eternity alone will reveal, the good done thereby.

## TAKE SOUNDINGS.

BY HANNU W. E. BARTON.

ON our way to Canada, it took me quite a time to get to sleep the first night on board, as the engine house was just by our berth. After a humbled and our thoughts of him, friends, and the various fields of toil, of the faithfulness and unfaithfulness of the past, then looking into the mystic future, we at last fell asleep, but were soon aroused by the sudden shutting-off of the steam and the stopping of the machinery. One enquired of the other, "What's up now?" when we found out that we were in a dispute and must be near the Irish coast. The captain had ordered the men to take soundings and see what depth of water we were in, and how far we were from the harbor. The ship was therefore to take soundings.

Here we saw, meeting another Christian; another year has gone, a year's journey towards the eternal future has been taken. To the Christian this is a glorious thought. The sorrow, the tears, the trials, the tribulations of another year are over. Hallelujah! And more than this, there are triumphs and victories, the very thoughts of which bring blessing and comfort to our souls.

A year ago we sharpened our swords, tightened around our armor, looked at the light to be needed, at the foe to be conquered, them at the presence of God, to help us, be with us, and make us more than conquerors. We started to win, we expected to win and conquer.

WE HAVE HOME!

Now, as we look back, we praise God. We were not like the old Yorkshire woman whose friends tried to get her to take her first journey on the train. "No," said the old woman, "I'm too old to travel." God has given us legs to walk with, and if we take a journey, home to ride or drive on, why should we go at this rate? It's awful! At last they prevailed on her to

go, but she never expected to reach the place she had booked to without an accident. The train whistled, it made her jump, it started, she became more nervous, but did not speak until the train rolled into a tunnel. Then she spoke; she said, "I know it was wrong to start. I said it was tempting Providence,

I AM STRUCK BY THE BLIND.

I CAN'T SEE ONE OF YOU."

Huge cleared in an; we had faith in God, faith in ourselves, and the testimony of a good conscience; therefore, like God's loved old, we went on the backs of the Red Sea and took back on the vanquished form of another year and about "Hallelujah!" but

WE NEED TO TAKE OUR SOUNDINGS!

What depth of water are we sailing in? Are we in deep water or not? We are nearer the harbor than we were, but there are hidden rocks which may wreck us before we reach it and the heaven-appointed landing place. Therefore, take your soundings. Soldiers of the Cross, see where you are! Some of our friends have landed sailing during the year. Are we in the proper channel? Is there any fog about it? Take soundings! Look into your own heart. Examine the chart (the Bible). Are we on God's marked-out line—entire trust and confidence in Christ's blood, cleansing us from all sin now? God help us to be sure about it. Then the unmarked shall take bearings. Another year is gone for ever, and without dispute, you are ever eternally than ever, and deeper in sin than ever. You will be wrecked and damned sure enough unless you take soundings and turn to Jesus very soon. Therefore, let us take our true bearings before we start on another year, for the eternal destiny of thousands

WHY BE UNCONSCIOUS?

is a year from now. What shall it be, heaven or hell? Salvation or damnation? Which? Take soundings now.

# A COSTLY EVASION.

BY MAJOR LEWIS.



IF over a bright future of usefulness seemed to await a young man, it was the morning when Jack Roberts, bidding farewell to father and mother, left home and entered the Household Troops band. From the time he was a little lad he had loved the Army and felt he belonged to it, never so happy as when playing his cornet and so helping to attract souls to Christ. Gradually the thought deepened itself into his heart, that he ought himself to become a Cadet, and go fully into the work. A struggle took place in his soul, all kinds of suggestions making themselves felt, until one morning, in a fit of caprice he never could account for, he shouldered his box, refused to see anyone, and turned his back on the Congress Hall and the opportunities that awaited him. The mathesis was astonished to see her lad return. His going away had been so full of promise, gladdening her heart that her boy should work for God and soul. Jack volunteered little in the way of

of duty had raised a thick cloud between his soul and God. He married a good Christian girl who had been an officer, but owing to delicate health she had to retire. Things became more and more unsettled, whereupon, owing to a very slight incident, Jack, instead of going to his work, went up to London. He felt like one possessed of an evil spirit, and seemed to be in a trance from which he was awakened to find himself at Portsmouth. There he

FELL AN EASY PREY

into the hands of sinners, and from then, his record for the next three and a half years was stained with terrible sin. He joined the navy as a band corporal, and for three years travelled round China, Japan, &c., &c. He would go on shore, and at the risk of his life in some place, he had to come back to the ship in the dead of night, and finish a drunken sleep beneath a table, or perhaps would lie in a pebbly field, returning in time for ship duties. Many alluring offers were made to him to become bandmaster of wealthy bands, but he refused, although he frequently played in them when on shore. Those who know something of the intrigues and sins abounding in these seaport towns abroad, can form an idea of the life Jack led. Meanwhile the poor young wife, and now mother, went through an agonizing experience of uncertainty as to her husband's whereabouts, whilst his parents, heart-broken at their son's awful downfall, left England for Canada, making unceasing prayer for the wanderer's return. After awhile, Jack wrote his wife and regularly sent her money and about eight months ago, returned home. The wife

PERIL PURSUED ALL

and strove to win her husband back to God. Never did they sit down to meals, but out came her Bible and she read to him some exhortation to repentance from its pages. But his soul grew blacker and blacker. He got into evil companionship, sinking lower and lower into sin, until one night, he flung across his drunken brain, that the money he had been spending belonged to his employers. Writing a note to the wife, he left that and his overcoat in a saloon and again went to London, from there taking train to R—. In a drunken condition, he wandered into an Army meeting, and on being dealt with about his soul, swooned away. The soldiers and officers say that an extraordinary conflict waged his soul and provided



explanation, but got work and joined the Corps. He devoted much time to the band, but whilst apparently happy and zealous, he was haunted by the skeleton of neglected opportunities and of direct disobedience to the voice of God. Gradually, as before he was only trying to satisfy God with more routine instead of pure and spontaneous heart-service, he grew colder and colder in his soul. Religion became a simple drugstore, peace and joy vanished, and he felt his evasion



## THE COMMANDANT WITH THE FLYING SQUADRON.

him a lodging with soldiers of the Corps. Meanwhile, the poor wife, not receiving the letter he left, and ignorant as to her husband's sin, went up and down the whole night expecting every moment to hear his returning footsteps. In the morning it dawned across her path.

ONE AGAIN HERE WAS DECEASED.

She put all the machinery she could into motion in order to track her husband, but failed. But at a where the human failed, the Divine stepped in. For three days and nights the soldiers at R— doled faithfully with Jack. He told them very little, but their interest deepened in him daily, and when I arrived on the Saturday night, they poured into my ears what they knew of his story. He attended nearly every meeting on the Sunday, but it was not until the prayer-meeting that the real conflict took place. Captain T—, who once was staid at his Corps, doled lovingly and faithfully with him, until with a load of determination, he rose up and threw himself down at the pavement-floor. Weeping bitterly, he immediately sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT IS SIN, NO SIN."

We urged him to kneel again and he refused him in, for we felt it he refused from that penitent-stance unsaved. It would be to certain death. An extraordinary prayer-meeting took place. The atmosphere seemed filled with the power of the Holy Ghost. The conflict was long and awful. But the love of Christ pre-

vailed, and finally he surrendered his will to God, as a little child, and determined at all costs to make restitution for the wrong done, dared believe that the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleansed his heart from the black sin-stained past. His few trembling words of testimony melted all hearts. The next day he returned to London, wrote his dear wife and arranged for her to meet him at our International Headquarters, where the scene between them

WAS MOST AFFECTIONATE.

Jack pursued a straight course, confessed his wrong and made arrangements to completely right matters, whilst the wife returned alone (she was unwilling for her husband to again encounter his evil companions) to sell the home, and subsequently rejoin her husband. He went back to R— where he is toiling to get work. In his letter to me he writes, "I— arrived here safe, and the soldiers have been very kind to her. I am going with Major Barrett (brother of Brigadier de Barri) specializing on Thursday night. I am glad that over I went to R—. God is blessing me in my soul, and I trust that I shall be made a blessing to someone else." "What a happy Christmas will theirs be! One indeed, changed from despair to hope."



## The Commandant with the "Flying Squadron."

The Plan of Campaign for the Flying Squadron is as follows:

THE LATEST ARRANGEMENTS.

December 10th, GREENVILLE, Wednesday, December 20th; VINCENNES, Thursday, December 21st; OTTAWA (Great Social and Drink Demonstration); Mrs. Booth will be present, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, December 22nd, 23rd, and 24th; KENNY, WILK, Monday, December 25th (Christmas Day); PLEASANT, Tuesday, December 26th; GARRAQUIN, Wednesday, December 27th; and then on to KINROSS, where there is going to be one of the biggest campaigns ever conducted in that city. Over 1500 men and women are expected. The campaign opens on Wednesday night with a recognition meeting to the officers. Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, December 28th, 29th, and 30th, Officers' Councils, moving mid-afternoon, and at night, Salvation for Saint and Sinner. Sunday, December 31st, the last day in 1903, is to be spent in a real desperate attack on the forces of darkness. Morning, Holmes Convention. Afternoon, Address on the Social and Drink Question. Night, Salvation. Mrs. Booth will be present at these meetings. Monday, January 1st, Great

Musical Festival at night, followed by an All-Night of Prayer.

From Kingston the Squadron journeys on to DEARBORO for Wednesday, January 3rd; BELLEVILLE, Thursday, January 4th; SHAWNEE, Friday, January 5th; CAMBELLTOWN, Saturday and Sunday, January 6th and 7th; NORWOOD, Monday, January 8th; PETERBORO, Tuesday and Wednesday, January 9th and 10th; MILAN, Thursday, January 11th; OVERSE, Friday, January 12th; and LOBBAY, for Saturday and Sunday, January 13th and 14th. At LOBBAY the Squadron leaves the Eastern Ontario Province and proceeds to Brigadier Holland's territory, but of the tour in that part of the battlefield, more later. Every officer and soldier should pray for special times of victory at these meetings.

Arrangements are being made for ships to be used as a means of locomotion for the Squadron from place to place. Over 250 miles will be covered in this way. This on the one hand will save expense, and on the other hand to make the visit a season of financial assistance as well as a spiritual blessing.

The Commandant will leave the party at Montreal under the command of Brigadier Scott, assisted by Adjutant Jervis, in order to hold great demonstrations in Hamilton on Monday, December 18th, and Toronto on Thursday, December 21st, on the Drink Question.



# CHRISTMAS SINGING.

BY THE GENERAL.

**C**HRISTMAS-TIME is famed for song. I do not know whether there is any extra singing in heaven. There may be. Possibly the earthly birthday of the Son of God is celebrated with extra melody and music amongst the saints of light in His own eternal home. Anyway, the return of the day on which the Christian world celebrates the advent to earth of the Son of God, is an especial period of song. Saints and sinners sing. Everybody sings. Hallelujah! Everybody ought to sing.

THE CHILDREN OF THIS WORLD SING.

Round their laden tables, by their cosy fireplaces, in their houses of amusement and their family gatherings, they try to brighten their assemblies and lighten their hearts by singing. They sing in their rebellion against God, while manufacturing tears and miseries for themselves and their neighbours; they sing on their way to the hellish asylums, where there will be no more song; they sing without thought or reason, or rather, with abundant reason why they should not sing; they sing of the stars and the mountains, of flowers and human loves and hatreds, of peace and of war, of anything comic or tragic, sensible or silly, which happens to come up at the time.

Oh, stranger still, the neglectors and rejectors and murderers of the Son of God sing of the blessing and love and mercy that they despise and trample under foot.

THE SAINTS SING AT CHRISTMAS-TIME.

They sing the story of His coming. "Christ was born at Bethlehem," echoes and re-echoes round the Christian world; they sing about the blessings that His condescension, life, suffering, and death brought to man. The rich and poor, nobility and peasantry, all sing. The old people sing and the children. They sing in the churches, in the farmyards, in the streets, early and late, in times and out of time; everybody sings at Christmas-time.

Christmas singing was intended something like two thousand years ago. The inhabitants of heaven led the way. They came down from their blessed home of song, and sang the first Christmas song in mid-air, on the plains of Bethlehem with the awe-struck shepherds all but paralysed with the mystery and ecstasy of the song.

There was something about the singing of that heavenly host that is intensely interesting to us down to this distant date. There was something peculiarly interesting about the

ANGELS THEMSELVES.

These were generally supposed to have been the unfallen, sinless angels of God, those who only knew about our poor world and its needs by such information as came to them second-hand, or from their association with the race on the errands on which

they had been sent to the earth.

I am not sure of this. I would rather think otherwise. Why should they not have been as divinely spirited of men and women made perfect, who, safely landed themselves, continued, of necessity, to feel the deepest interest in the spiritual progress of their own race? May we not reasonably suppose that among the heavenly crowd which rallied round Gabriel, or whoever it might be who made the announcement of the Messiah's advent, there might have been some of those lofty patriarchs and prophets who must, from the nature of things, have been more interested in the occurrence than any of the pure natives of heaven could possibly be? What is there to prevent us believing that Adam and Eve were there? And, if so, we can easily understand what vast rapture they joined in the chorus that sounded over those plains.

And why should we doubt also whether or no Abel, and Noah, and Abraham, and Samuel, and David, and Isaiah, and Jeremiah, and Job, and Daniel, and multitudes more joined in that chorus with loud and triumphant voices? I think it possible—very probable that it was so.

That they were pleased and delighted with the announcement, goes without saying. That they would enjoy the excursion and make the heavens ring with their hallelujah shouting, we can also readily believe, after waiting all those hundreds of years for the fulfilment of the prophecy which they had either made or listened to. Was it not glorious that the fulfilment at last was in sight?

Devils had never believed the prophet of the coming of the Son of God. The chief devil did not recognize Him when He did appear. The difference between them could not be—it was too marvellous to be over-trusted into fact.

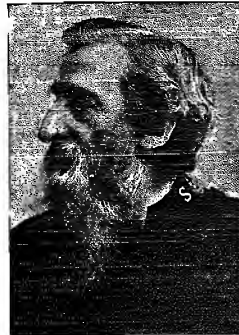
Angels had all but doubted—had whispered that it was too good to ever come to pass. But now the Messiah was actually come. They had seen Him leave heaven in a grand procession with all the pomp and grandeur that the Celestial City could produce, for there is no reason to believe that His humiliation commenced before His incarnation.

They had been to Bethlehem, and, all unsuspected, had worshipped round Him, in that holy form, not strange to them, but strange to Him, and now they had come to herald the fulfilment of His coming to the wide, wide world; and you can readily imagine the ecstasy with which they joined in that grand

BETHLEHEM CHRISTMAS CHORUS

In the wondering ears of the wondering shepherds on that first Christmas morning. They sang, "Glory to God, and pardon, peace, and purity, and paradise for man," "Gloria laus, gloria," "Glory to God in the highest, and salvation for man," ever alone.

Now, do you sing a Christmas song? What is your song



THE GENERAL.

about? What reason have you to sing? One says, "I sing because Jesus has come." Good! A worthy theme indeed. No doubt it would constitute the occasion for singing in many worlds—in one, at least—the world where His glory will be displayed as long as eternal ages shall endure.

I say this, the coming of Jesus Christ into the world to save sinners is, in itself, a worthy subject for song. But that is not enough for you. The coming of Jesus is also a cause of the greatest misery to multitudes for whom He came and died. Better to them that He had never been born in Bethlehem, never walked the earth in sorrow, never have poured forth His blood on their behalf, never gone up and sat on His intercessory throne at His Father's right hand. Oh, think of the souls in hell for whom His precious life was offered on the accursed tree! The memory of His coming is the bitterest gall and wormwood that they have to drink.

Another says, "I sing my Christmas song because the Lord Christ has come to my heart." The blessed virgin sang a triumphant song because He had come to her; millions receiving the same Jesus into their souls have sung:

"Oh, how I thank thee for me!"

So, if He has come to you bringing the assurance of His Father's love, that your sins which were many, have all been forgiven, you can sing, "I was dead, but am alive again; I was lost, but I am found."

You may well sing; because, having come to your heart, He has brought with Him blessings beyond calculation for number and value. He has come delivering you from the power of the devil. He is no longer your master. He has come setting you free from the evils of your own nature. He has come to purify

and sweeten your heart, and to inspire your soul with a beautiful loving Spirit of God Himself. Nay, Christ Himself has come to dwell within you—to be formed in your heart the Hope of Glory. So that it shall no longer be you who live, but Christ who liveth in you. So that the life that you now live shall be a life of faith on the Son of God, Who loved you, and gave Himself for you.

Sing because He has come to you to make you a saviour of mankind, to sweep through your eyes over the sins and miseries of man, to labor with your lips and hands, and feet, and brain, and heart for the salvation of the world, to help you to carry a cross somewhat similar to His own, so that you may have a victory like His, and sit down on His throne even as He has overcome and sat down on His Father's throne.

Be sure, my beloved Canadian comrades, that you have this good reason to sing! And then, loud and hearty and long—continued let your singing be. Swell the rapturous songs of your comrades in the barracks, fill the houses where you live with song, fill the hearts of the poor, sinful thousands around you with singing, fill Canada with song, and be sure you keep on singing, not only at Christmas-time, but all other times!

Sing in the dark hours of temptation, and the sorrowful seasons of affliction and suffering! Sing around the dying beds of your comrades! Sing the promise of resurrection at their graves! Fill the year, yes, all the years, with Christmas singing! Sing even unto the end; do, not till the end, for if this singing, salvation be your experience, the end of your singing shall never come, for you shall sing down to the last hours of earth, and the last echo of your earthly song shall be all mixed up with the singing of the angels, who shall come to bear you away to join the everlasting song in the everlasting city of song!

## SIN'S ANTIDOTE.

BY EDWIN HODGKINS.

Oh, happy Christmas morn, when saints and angels sing,  
"Glory to Him Who brings peace and hope to fallen man."

Despair sees once his state, no one their help could give,  
Until the blessed Son of God came down that he might live.

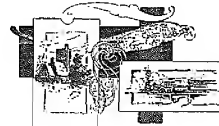
The cross was journeyed for until the Christ they found,  
In lonely stable sheltered, with cold poverty around.

"Is this the nation's King?" methinks I hear them say:  
"No pomp, no show, no mention rich!" He in a manger lay.

Heaven's riches He had left, where wealth was all unknown,  
To share with us our poverty and raise us to a throne.

What offering can I bring, for sacrifice like this?  
I have no gold, no frankincense, but all I have is His.

I'll live for other's good, self daily I'll deny,  
And after having suffered here I'll reign with Him on high.





# A LOST SOUL; OR, How we Gained Two Officers.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN MILMAN.

## DESPAIR.

THIS is a good speaker, but, you know, I can't believe what he said about the Bible. Why, papa, he said Jesus Christ was no better than any other good man."

So saying, Sadie's blue eyes opened wide with surprise at the thought, for it had not been suggested to her mind before.

Sadie's father—an innkeeper—had taken his daughter to hear a lecture entitled, "The Mistake of the Bible." She had recently given her heart to Jesus, and become a Christian, and he hoped by this means to overthrow her faith. With a zeal and perseverance worthy of a better cause, he had tried repeatedly to do this before. He offered to pay for dancing lessons if she would consent to attend a dancing academy; if they, as door to the heart of the average girl, and other allurements, the misguided man also held out as bribes to entice the poor child into the fashionable follies of the world, but having failed, he would now introduce into her soul the subtle poison of infidelity. He would call in the aid of others to help wrest from his daughter the oil he gave by kind words to perishing sinners, and leave her a hopeless wreck, to be cast on the rocks of despair.

In this frame of mind, taking up the thread of the conversation as they walked homeward, the father replied: "Well, Sadie, what of it? You are old enough to understand, and it is all consistent to believe that a man can live all of his life in wickedness, and then at last, by repentance and belief in something he can have no understanding of, be saved and go to heaven. That is all a superstition of the past, and no one of any intelligence believes it now. I am no coward, and never intend to be one, and when I die I am willing to face the consequences, and I don't want anyone to assume the responsibility of my life."



Poor Sadie, stunned by such talk, and frightened as much by her father's manner as by his words, could only say: "I like God's very best, papa, and I wish you did," and she shed bitter tears. Sadie did not know that many years before the Holy Spirit had convicted her father of sin, and had given him the opportunity, which at some period comes to every man to get saved; but, alas! although he realized the danger, he postponed the day of salvation to a more convenient time, ignored the Voice of Peace away, and hardened his heart beyond

## THE POSSIBILITY OF REPENTANCE.

A few nights following the conversation detailed above, Mr. W. returned from his office complaining of not feeling well, and retired early. About midnight the family were awakened by a strange sound. Listening intently, they heard the scream of a strong man in mortal agony. Sadie, badly frightened, rushed to her father's room, to be met by a sight which almost paralyzed her. A heavy curtain dimly on the table, and by its light she saw her father sitting up in bed, his arms extended, his eyes fixed, and staring in horror at something apparently near him. His face was livid, and great drops of perspiration stood on his brow. He uttered another scream, the death-rattle mounded in his throat, and the soul of the proud Christ-rejecter rose from earth and hope to the black realm of everlasting despair.

Over the confined remains, words of comfort and consolation were spoken; the dear departed was reproached as being at rest, and the assembled company urged to meet him in the school of the blessed—the land where sorrow never comes and God wipes away all tears. This talk was clothed in the usual strain of sentimental piety, as common at funerals, where sermonizers glibly recite the virtues of dead sinners, whose only virtuous deed was that of dying and relieving the world of their presence.

Poor Sadie, as she listened in bitterness of heart to this

hypocritical cant, and remembering her father's conversation of only a few days before his decease, felt that she must cry out, "It is a lie—prepare to meet thy God!"

## HOPE.

FIFTEEN years passed away, but whether on the busy streets, among friends, or in the deep silence of the night, the horrible death-scene in her father's bedroom never haunted Sadie, and that face and that cry would come back to her as out of the very mouth of hell.

Grief for her father's fate washed nothing, for he had crossed the bounds of hope, but, learning a lesson from his sad end, Sadie determined to spend the days God permitted her to live on earth in His service. She could do nothing now for

her father, but she would use her every power to warn the wicked to flee from the wrath to come; she would bid them seek the Saviour in this their day of hope; she would spend and be spent, pointing other fathers and mothers and sisters and brothers to "the Lamb of God, Which taketh away the sin of the world."

For a year or more Sadie has been a Salvation Army officer, fighting bravely for Jesus, and is now stationed in the far-away State of Washington, and sometimes when the California mail arrives, it brings a letter from an only sister, who also rejoices in the possession of eternal life through the merits of Calvary's Christ, and as a Salvation Army officer, too, is spending her strength hidding the perishing to repent of their sins and look to Jesus.

IN WRITING ALANUS THEREIN IS HOPE.

## A POEM, by OUR NEW EDITOR.

Excellence of Character for Permanence of Work.

This is My Will,—that thy work should abide,  
Not wood, hay, stubble, should be;  
But silver & gold, that will glitter again  
When the judgment fire forthset.  
Every man's work shall be tried by fire  
Thine too, must bear the test  
Wouldst thou see thy work abide—  
Make thyself best of the best.



Believe me,

Yours affectionately,  
Edmund Complin



BY MRS. HENRIETTA DE HARRITT.

REJOICING WITH GOD

"HE NEVER FELT DISCOURAGED."

TO CHRIST

Home for Incubables, PARKDALE

## Notes

**ENTREPRENEUR, ENVOIOUT, AND ENJOYED**

PATIENTLY KNOCKING AND

**TAKE DER STAMP**

**Non-Exhaustive List of**

“ He had not where to lay His head,  
No home on earth did He possess.”

Though rich above, He chose to be  
So poor to be that He might bless

BY THE COMMANDANT

WITHIN SEVEN FT. OF

THEY ARE FIGHTING FOR YOU

ALL SUCH THINGS ARE VAIN

Observe, too, the devils who seek for the destruction of the soul are divided into two distinct regiments. The first of these regiments is for enticing, the other for crushing. The one invites to sin, the other drags to ruin. Just so, the angels who make up the Army of deliverance swoop over the earth in two battalions. One of these battalions is for warning, the other for deliverance. One is sent to cope with deception, the other with despair. One is engaged in guiding the host of the



### DEVILS VERSUS ANGELS

wandering, the other in looking for the lost. Now, sinner, you stand to-day a subject for the attention of one of these two sets of ministering spirits. Which?

THE ANGLES SONG OF WARNING

Are you young? Does the journey of life spread out before you? Then this is the song of the angels to you—"Beware! oh, beware!" they say, "of those subtle forces that would allure you by pleasure to rumour, by gratification to the grave, by riches to poverty, by deception to death. Remember that fashion ends in folly, and pride provokes the wrath of annihilation. Fraud, however inviting to-day, but hastens everlasting bankruptcy on the morrow. Beware of the glittering bait!

BEHIND IT LIES THE HOOK OF THE SERPENT.

[illegible]

THE DEITY IS ETERNAL

Your temporal existence is but the school-house for your eternal abode, which abode you choose for yourself, in heaven or in hell. Why then should you impoverish your immortal palace for your house of clay?"

Then you say "I am no longer young, I am old. The trammels of sin hold me tightly, I know too well the truth of what the angels speak. I have heard it so often before. They spoke it to me, and would God I had heeded! Perhaps it is because I am a better subject for the devil that I find my damnation so speedily accomplished. Certainly my chains are well forged. I am held under as with a girdle of iron, and I feel the burning pestilence of sin, and evil haunts me as with a collar of brass. I have no powerful friend, the angels have a message for you. It is the regiment of hope approaching the victim of despair."

<sup>13</sup> THE NOXO OF THE ANGELS OF HOPE."

The first note of their opening chalice is, "Lift up your voices to the hills from whence cometh your help." "Lift up" they cry, "your cry." "Look up." Above you there is immensity of mercy, infinite of love, and boundlessness of compassion. Your chains are broken, and you are free to look at them. Your misery is not a curse, but a blessing, for it is the way to your deliverance, never dispelled by your tears. Your tears are the seed of mercy by tears. All your misfortune has come because before you sold your soul to the devil, and thus permitted him to blight your life. Give, do, all, and all things will follow when you commit your soul to God, and let him take care of you. He will not let you despair. It is the second great stage in the process of your destruction. Despair is doing for you now what pleasure did for you at the beginning. Do with the one what you should have done with the other. Do not let your tears be the seed of sorrow weep for your sin, but you need shed no tears on account of the devil's delusion that our Father in heaven loves the sinner. He loves him. He came to seek them: He seeks the still, the lowly, the broken heart.

THAT IS WHY HE DIED FOR YOU.

Holiness, but that is why He lives for you. Humbled, but that is why He pities you. Humiliated, but that is why He approaches you. Bids no longer in the death-chambers of your heart, but turns your thoughts outward to Him who is your life, your righteousness, your strength. Let His light shine upon our very presence, and as we bring freshly before Him our thanksgiving and praise, let us bring forth also the fruits of His love. Turn away from all unbelief and sin for you, dispel the shadows that envelop you. Rise in the assurance that your very misdeeds may form the dark background upon which shall be the more gloriously revealed the goodness, the strength, and the mercy of the Lord.

## Drink and Despair.

Drink ! Drink !  
And thy soul shall sink  
Down into the dark abyss,  
Into the infinite abyss,  
From which no plummet nor rope  
Ever drew up the silver sand of hope.

—Longfellow

# The GRAND MARCH-PAST of the CANADIAN YEAR.

*"The light our path surrounding,  
The love to which we cling,  
The hope within us bounding,  
The joys that round us wing."*

OLD WINTER, with his hoary locks, came very kindly to us. Christmas-like brought a robust little man.

[illegible]

MONTREAL CORSE IS made famous by the inauguration of the new Plan of Oversight. The Circle Corse scheme and

[illegible][illegible]

**SKETCHES CONCERNING AND HARVEST EXHIBITION.** A mighty time

[illegible]

# Tales of the Sea

1.—Deopair.

NO SIR! When I think of the wreck of the 'Indian Chief,' and try to speak of the brave life boat crew which rescued us, a leap rises in my throat, for words can not describe the bravery of those men. It seems too sacred to speak of. We were twenty-nine souls on board, bound for Yokohama. Before we could pass the shoals it grew dark, and the sharp gale

### INCREASED TO A HURRICANE

This was Tuesday night. We made a big flare on board, and the Sunken light-ship answered by rockets. This gave us a feeling of hope. There were waves soon washed the deck clear, and with sinking hearts we heard the first all night long piece by piece breaking away. In the morning we learned the sighted what we thought was the lifeboat, but afterwards we learned it was the schooner that went to fetch the life-boats. The men were so glad they took themselves to the mizen-mast, and serentoon made a dash for it. He gave me his watch and a sacred message, and shook hands with me. All at once a feeling seized us as if the mizen-mast was falling mad scarily down the fore-top-gallant crew were screaming. All Wednesday day night we watched at,

## 2. Hope.

" "There she is!" cried young Cooper, who was the first man to look toward when the morning light had only just broken. We all heard the news of a vessel being on the sands, and leaving its anchor in the preceding afternoon, we had to lay all night in a foaming sea waiting for daybreak. All of our party dressed in oil-skin, sea-boots and life-belts.

<sup>4</sup> 'THERE SHE IS !'

cried young Cooper, like a madman, pointing to one single mist, rising out like a rider's line, about three miles off. Yes, it was the day's end, and he had been waiting all night to see. But, oh, sir! the sea was rapidly becoming fearful from her and us. For where we were dooish water and the waves regular; but all about the wreck was the sand, and the water on it was running in fury all sorts of ways—rushing up in the columns of foam as high as a ship's main-yard, and thundering loudly that, though we were to windward, we could hear it above the gale and the boiling of the seas around it. It might have shook even a man that wanted to die to look at it, if he did not know what it

"Let slip the tow-ropes! Up fore-sail!" I shouted, and ten minutes after we had sighted the mast we were dead before the wind. It was well that we kept our eyes on the mast in front of us, or the sight of the waves might have played "old Harry" with weak crews. They came with such force that they leaped right over the bow, and was dark with water flying a dozen yards high over us.

IS BOLD SHEETS

which fell like the explosion of a gun above our heads ahead. We held on to the raft. Every thought was on them, that grow bigger and bigger, and the waters were flying over it as white as milk. Presently we sped ten or so hands bundled together on the fore-top. We drove on, and the waves were breaking over the raft. They were, and called out to them to bind a piece of wood to a line and throw it overboard to us. Seventeen of the crew were drowned, and their bodies were knocking about the raft. The remaining eleven did not know how to swim, and a life-boat, as you may expect, but two of them went and fetched the second mate, who appeared a diving maniac, and died an hour or so later on.

I know in my heart that from the hour of leaving Ramsgate Harbor to the moment when we sighted the wreck's mast, there was

## ONLY ONE THOUGHT

in all of us, and that was that the Almighty would give us the strength and direct us how to save the lives of the poor fellows to whose assistance we had been sent. We had set out to save them, and meant doing it at all cost."

Night came and the life-boat. The red coats kept flying from the 'Sunk' to assure us our calamity was known, but we did not heed them—no—we all expected death. During the night the mizzen

What a grand wind-up sentence, and what a lesson it is to us not to dash into the sea of despair in the first place, have sufficient faith to receive the urgent need of help in sin-bound souls! Do you see it? They did not throw themselves over the side as the life-boats were the perishing sailors, and themselves the sinking ship. They lay very calmly and courageously set to work to man the life-boats. They prayed with their muscles, nerves, mind, and courage, and their very thoughts, being bent only on the rescue of the souls around them, led them

TO FORGET THEIR OWN NAMES

create and comfort. Comrades, let us pray in the same manner, and our prayers will be answered :

[illegible]

He escaped several times being swamped in the attempt to  
 get ashore, as the gale was blowing now with fury. Hardly  
 did he get on board when suddenly a woman with puffed  
 sleeves and her dishevelled hair streaming in the wind  
 flung herself at the feet of the captain, crying, 'My hair,  
 my hair! Gin yo've the hearts o' men, yo'd save me hair!  
 I see that God has left me!' The skipper looked at the foaming  
 and shook his head - then at the hurrying crew, and at last at the

"Volunteers for the wreck!" he shouted, in a voice like a lion. "Use myself," he added, turning to the chief mate.

"Not while there are six officers in the ship," replied this old salt. At that moment the larboard cutter was cleared and lowered, manœuvred by chief mate, myself, and five others. The sea was fearfully heavy. Eyes of the Indian crew were fixed on us, and above two hundred voices shouted, "Give way, my fine fellows; for your lives, give way."



TALES OF THE SKY

"We saw the form of the trembling  
 together hanging over the hammock-  
 netting, and we heard  
 his voice piercing the  
 roaring of the gale, in a  
 tone I shall not forget to  
 my dying hour, 'Bless  
 ye, ye! O the Father of  
 the fatherless, pro-  
 serve ye in His  
 mercy.' And had  
 not a nightier  
 Hand been stretch-  
 ed forth upon  
 the waters,  
 the cour-  
 age of the



would have  
been in vain.

[illegible]

"How we got near the Indianman is still a mystery to us. Our boat was half full of water. After great exertion we caught hold of a rope which the Capitan had thrown out to us, and finally had the satisfaction of handing to the overjoyed mother her rescued babe."

Do you hear the cry of despairing mothers? Their children are in danger of the blasts of hell! There is room in the life-boat! "Who will volunteer for the wreck?"

## The Toronto Province Page.

### THE ARMY'S OUTLOOK IN THE QUEEN CITY.

BY DR. DANIEL H. BARRITT.

**R**EALLY it seems as if one feature of salvation life is that all seasons almost become one, and whether it be Christmas, Easter, Whit Sunday or Thanksgiving Day, the uttermost thought in a Salvationist's soul is how far he can utilize that event for the salvation of souls.

It is extremely difficult to crowd into a few lines the chief events that have occurred in the Toronto Province during the few months that I have had the unspeakable privilege of leading on our forces there.

True, the number of our corps is few, but our opportunities are legion. If during the next few months we can have an equal or increased amount of energy, push, determination, and godliness thrown into the Toronto Province, we shall make this city such a hot-bed of salvation, as perhaps, it has never been in the past.

Writing in the Temple, as I am for the moment, one can hardly look out of any window in any direction without being reminded that in that particular spot the work of salvation is rolling along, and that multiplying efforts are being made to bring souls to Christ.

A gun-shot right ahead (see Luke Ontario, and this instantly brings to mind the fact that the Commission has already determined that the coming summer shall be fully taken advantage of, and that

#### THE SALVATION FLEET

shall visit every corps on the lake, bombarding each spot with salvation, and routing the places up to a knowledge of God.

Gleaming for a moment to the left from my office window, one sees the busy women as they are preparing the new Bibles. This is another link in the chain of salvation effort in and around Toronto.

To the south-west is Richmond street, where only last night I had the privilege of conducting a most blessed Half-Night of Prayer. Arriving at their barracks in ten-hour before the meeting commenced, Captain Walsman felt that he should like an open-air meeting, although it was a half-night of Prayer, and as we walked forth over snow and slippery pavement one felt the exhilarating effects of a Canadian winter's night, and the wonderful opportunity it gives one to take their stand before millions, hotels, and private houses, and

#### THE SALVATION MESSAGE

through every window and key-hole there is in the place.

This particular night, lying on his bed partly suffering from the effects of drink, and the subject of a biting, condemning conscience, was a fine young fellow of about thirty years of age.

God's spirit was at work, and when he remembered the happy past when he marched in the ranks of God's people, and thought of that mother's prayer, that God would protect her boy, two Army drums beat in upon the silence of the night. It seemed like a message from God Himself, and hastily rising he followed in the wake of the procession, and came to the Half-Night of Prayer.

This night (last night as I write) he knelt at the president's feet, and after a few minutes of faithful dealing with God, the prodigal was rejoicing that God had saved him. His testimony had not rhetorical effect upon

several gathered together in that barracks, and one ex-drummer after another sprang to his feet to cheer our comrade's heart by their own heartfelt testimony that God had saved them from a drunkard's life, and undoubtedly from going down to a drunkard's hell.

Yes, better, brighter times have come to Toronto, and as I have mentioned in several newspapers lately, one can see

A MOST INTERESTING DIFFERENCE in the lives of many who, in days, have donned the red and are marching in the ranks of the Torontoians. Scores of men and women whom I used to see sitting at the back of the hall, and others who had seats at the front, but who took no part whatever in the conflict with sin and the devil, and made no effort to help in to save souls in the prayer meeting, are amongst those who rush into the fray, get down on both knees, seize hold of God, bring down the blessing, and help to rush souls into the Kingdom of God. May their numbers increase, and may God's name be glorified every step of the way.

Were it possible for a moment to rush to the roof of our God-blessed Temple building and look from the high vantage there in the direction of Liverpool, I should again be reminded of the Toronto victory for which we ascribe all honor and glory to God.

Our comrades there have fought a noble fight. The subjects of misrepresentation and undependence, like the Master of old our comrades found that nearly all had forsaken and fled. Night after night our Officers with only two or three brave soldiers took their stand at the street corners. People carefully predicted complete exhaustion and total defeat, but, as many times before, they forgot that the rock on which our Army is built

IS OF SOLID SALVATION GRANT, that underneath us are the everlasting arms, that round about



DR. DANIEL H. BARRITT, AND MRS. DE BARRITT.

### CHRISTMAS WEATHER.

23

us are the ministering spirits, and that God has promised that we shall never be confounded.

All glory to God, they stand on it. An occasional heart shall be thrown here and there, but in-day victory, blood- victory has crowned their efforts, and if one again to find blood and fire, effective, fighting stuff, let them to the front, to danger, and as I have mentioned in my Toronto comrades, large quantities of rings, and really in open air except under exceptional circumstances, where there are more than eight or ten people gathered together, seems a waste of force, power and effectiveness. As twenty, thirty or forty people stand round in a ring, the short time we have for open-air preaches them of from speaking, praying and taking

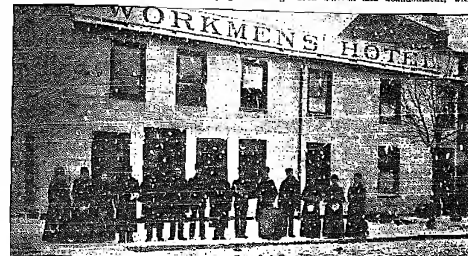
part in the fight, and the greater part are simply left spectators. This must be remedied. This shall be remedied, and if our corps get too big, and our open-air rings too large, then every soldier shall see to it that companies are formed and that every soldier

#### WITHOUT A SINGLE EXCEPTION,

shall be expected, and shall have an opportunity of standing before some house, placing themselves before some tavern or saloon and entreating them to give up sin and turn to God.

My heart was delighted last night to notice the fighting spirit exhibited by the few soldiers we had at the street corner. Late one soldier rushed a sister with a War Cry, into another dashed the Captain starting them with an invitation to attend the Salvation Army meeting that night, and who can doubt but what such devotion and abandonment, with a total disregard of rules and ways and means, shall bring forth a blessed harvest of souls saved.

Min. do Barritt is one with his spiritual ration fight, and we assure our Commandant and through him every reader of the Christiana Can. that Toronto shall still be found in the trenches digging out the slaves of sin and Satan, and by their grace help to raise up a force of men and women who shall have but one object and aim in life and that the salvation of souls and the glory of our God. Amen and Amen!



SNOW-PROOF SALVATION: The Training Soldiers and Clergymen outside The Shelter.

### CHRISTMAS IS WEATHER.

BY DR. DANIEL H. BARRITT, AND MRS. DE BARRITT.

HAFT me, to be sure, I don't feel it to be Christmas this year," says some one. Another says, "This is not Christmas weather." Another year someone remarks, "This is beautiful Christmas weather. There is soon no ground. There is a hard frost. The sky is very clear. There is no fog. Inside the house there is heat. The fire is hot and burning; it is good to have a fire this weather. This is real Christmas."

The two seem to be opposed to each other. Yet both are useful for Christmas weather. I have seen the leaves of the good old Book and read there

#### JOHN AND PETER,

and begin to ask myself the question, "Have I a snow and fire experience?" I come to "Snow" and I shall be white as snow." My thoughts now go back nearly seventeen years, when as a poor slave I had no Christ. My sin came up before me, and I tried to find no out the black, just washed away. Praise God, the washing has been done. I turn over the leaf again and I read, "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." I ask, "What can this mean?" To make one look at the sin, and sin; not through white.

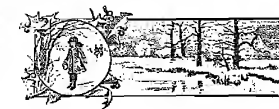
#### THEIR SIX SEVEN OF PRAYER

come down from the clouds. That old time in. Small spot.

though, I trust, cry, "Ungodly with hypocrites and hell-bellows, wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Then I turn to the five and say, "Melt me down. Burn up the dross." I again turn over the leaves and read, "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire," and I cry, "Destroy the works of sin and self and pride." These are the spots in the clean snow. The fire destroys, but like the burning bush, it does not burn out. It only destroys sin. Now I have

#### A REAL CHRISTMAS-WEATHER EXPERIENCE,

a heart cleansed whiter than snow, and the fire burning brightly there.



## A CALL FOR BRAVERY

BY ENEAS KATHI

and had earnestly urged every listener to "get ready for His coming back again," and now in the little interval were praying that God would by His Spirit arouse every hardened soul to a sense of their awful danger in rejecting Jesus.

Suddenly the fire-bell started every body. Its quick impatient peals were very

Kind friends came to her help, adding a little more, and by carefully laying out the whole, in a few months she had quite regained her footing, and was really very little worse off than before the fire. But how different things would have been had not the fireman

RICKED HIS LIFE

in securing her money! And, ah, how different my life would have been had Jesus withheld His love, and left me in darkness, and in fight, and let me go on in my sin! "Hail, hallelujah! He went through it all, never holding back, and assuredly secured my pardon, bless His name! Worth more than all the world's boasted treasures, is the possession of His smile and love in our hearts. *Heavenly, deep, true, eternal,* are the outcomes of His pure and perfect love. I care so many of them. *Thou poor? It is, just now in His hands, waiting for you, are*

PRICELESS GIFTS AND HEAVENLY TREASURES,  
which never fade away, but grow brighter and more

Will you take them, claiming them as *your very own*? If you do, you will prove that darkness and *DISFAIR* shall be changed to glorious light and *RIGHT*.

soon followed by the panting horses and fire engines. The eagerly rushed to the burning building. We were close with the crowd, watching the cruel, relentless flames, which spread with such awful rapidity. I shall ever remember the anxious faces of the owner of one of the houses, and his frantic endeavors to secure some of his treasures. For years he had lived in that spot, and had spent all his time and money in the home, and had since also very much loved it, the symbol of his life and living world, and to know that this smoke everything was perishing. Not them, and then, in addition, to feel that

### THE ACCUMULATED SAVINGS OF STAFFS

How eagerly she watched the brave fireman who, following her excited directions, had disappeared in quest of her money. Such a moment of anxiety! What *despair* if he came empty-handed! Everything lost! But presently he re-appeared carrying in his hand something which soon changed the look on the old lady's face. Yes, oh, yes, there it was all safe and sound, just exactly how her careful hands had last placed it.

What is more delightful than to live in a constant expectation of Hope, especially when it is a certain Hope! To the Christ-follower, a Christmas comes with very pleasant feelings of real thankfulness to God for sending to our rescue His only Son. He changed our despairing spirits to those of hopeful ones, the cause of despair, sin, being destroyed by the giving of His Christmas gift to mankind, Jesus. Oh! that every unsaved sinner of these times would lose the paltry things of this fading world and grasp the only hope for time and eternity, Jesus Christ is at your command. Accept Him now. He took upon Himself your nature in order to save you. Let Him do it.

## A MAN OVERBOARD.

## Spiritual Shipwrecks.

ГҮ ҮҮ АШИМ:

any of my readers may have sung with the  
the following lines, amidst circumstances  
which have solemnized every heart and made  
and altogether useless, we are in the hand and

Eternal Father, strong to save,  
 Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,  
 Who isle the mighty ocean deep  
 His own appointed foot keep,  
 Oh, hear us when we cry to Thee,  
 For those in sorrow, far or near,  
 Who to Thy mercies do repair.

And truly well unto is thinking that there is nothing more terrible and awful than a real storm at sea. True, we are told that such storms are really an absolute necessity, although how often we are tempted to look upon them as an unjustified evil! It is not, can be truer than that (tempests are the proper means of purifying the atmosphere, and to soothe the usefulness of this we have only to pay attention even to the general state of

weather previous to a storm on dry land. What thick, unwholesome mists, rainy gloomy, and cloudy days have some countries to experience. Now, storms are generally designed to dissipate those noxious vapors and to remove them from us, and this is a doubtless one of the great benefits which we derive from them.

The universe is governed by the same law as man, and he may be as truly called a little world. Our health depends in a great measure on the regulation and mixing of the various humors, which, without this, would soon cause corruption, illness, and decay. And it has unanimously been proved that without the agitation, which produces the atmosphere, the atmosphere would become injurious both to earth and animal life, and it is generally acknowledged that gentle, light winds will not often effect this purpose, but storms and tempests which collect vapors from every one part of the world, which is the wind, who is the great benefactor to the whole, and the great benefactor to the one by the other. And as such storms are more useful still. The absence of these would produce a degree of stagnation which would not only cause the death of the human race, but also that of the whole of the world, but would also be injurious to those who will enjoy it.

NOTION IN THE SOUL OF UNIVERSAL NATURE.  
 It preserves everything in order and prevents destruction. Let  
 us then, therefore, ever remember and recognize the goodness

We say then that motion is necessary; stagnation is death, and that nothing but storms can often produce the effect which is not only desirable but absolutely essential. How true it is that in the moral and spiritual world—Peace! Peace!—peace—at-on at the sacrifice of principle—unity and blessed unity—Peace!—Peace!—cried the enemies of a pure, unadulterated Christianity as they gathered round the open doors and nailed up his thrones and denounced the Papal Bull.

"Peace! Peace!" cried the friends of a lukewarm, Christless, lifeless, hypocritical Christianity as Wesley and his lieutenants hurried from one end of the city to the other, preaching communion, revolution, storms, and reformation. "We are alone!" cried out the evil spirit of old in the presence of Christ's army. "We have no more!" cried out the evil spirits of old. "We have cried tions of thousands!" They said: "Quiescent! Quiescent!"

The storm of those days was a great storm. It was a storm professedly God's people, a Army drum, cornet, and cymbals have sounded down the street, emptying the saloons and

## MAKING IT DIFFICULT

for people to go to hell. One of the greatest compliments that the Salvationist can receive has lately been paid by the secular press to our comrades in Germany. It states that our brave soldiers there, although small in number, make enough noise for 40,000 people.

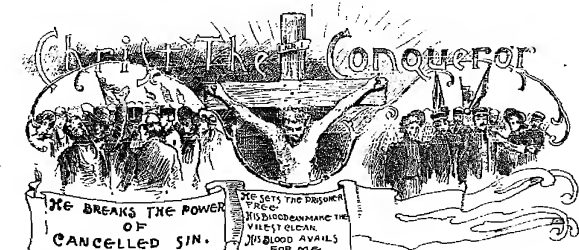
Glancing for a moment, so far as space will allow.

nt the illustration above, we immediately notice one or two features of that storm scene. Our sinking, drowning comrade has seized hold of a frail, floating crate, and is holding on with all the tenacity, and power, and energy he possesses. In the absence of a life-buoy he makes use of the nearest thing at hand, and, depend upon it, when rescued and brought to shore he will say that he has been in sight, he will just have as much regard for that crate as has been in sight, he will that kept him afloat and saved him as he would have a piece of wood that he had found for the purpose. The soul truly awakened to a sense of danger, whether that danger be moral or spiritual, will naturally

VALUE THE MEATS OF DEER

How many men, who in their youth have been able to support their thousands of dollars, have been found at Army penitentiaries, the storms and contrary winds of an evil world having brought them to a state of destitution in both body and soul!

When by the dreadful tempest borne,  
Uplift on the broken wave,  
We know Thou art not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.



BY STEPHEN A. REED, NEWTON, MASS.

**M**RS. REED has just entered the office, where all are busily engaged in getting ready the Canadian mail. "The mail closes at eight p.m. to-night," said Mrs. Reed. There was almost a collapse. I knew that Brigadier de Parrott had asked for an article for the Christmas Car. I knew that if I missed this special mail, my contribution would be too late. Therefore, remembering that the decree had gone forth that all articles must have a "Hope and Despair" flavor about them, I hurried down to supper and back to the desk, where I am now struggling through this short contribution with the faint hope that it will see light in the Christmas columns.

Hope for the hopeless! Yes, thank God! Eighteen hundred and ninety-three years ago was the gallant vessel, "Hope," launched at Calvary. The whole world was lost in darkness and sin. A remedy was provided. Jesus came. Legions of holy angels had been His companions. Somebody must suffer and die to save a ruined world. There was none other than Jesus to pay the price of sin. In a mean manger was He born. Out of the low was He thrust. Trampled down was He by a wicked king who thirsted for His life's blood. But He came. He went through to the bitter end, and today He lives. Over the ocean of Time this gallant, stout, safe vessel, "Hope," has sailed, rescuing from the sea of sin

## COURTESY WITH THEM OF ALL KINDS OF SIXTIES

for whom Jesus died. The vessel of the vile has an interest in this noble craft. Poor drunkards and harlots are not passed by. Wherever the scream of agony and despair is heard, down upon the poor victim bears the gallant vessel. "It is finished," cried Jesus—all the world my own people. By the birth, agony and death of this loving Saviour Jesus was brought, and faithful ought to every drunkard, harlot, thief, prostitute, gambler and outcast walking on the face of the earth. Hallelujah!

Reverend. Adam yielded. The earth was blessed. His waves swept with fertility the world. The fountains of the lower regions launched the hidden seas, "Despair."

## WELL-TRAINED DEMONS

have been working this hell-bound craft for centuries, and still she carries on over the dark waves, carrying her fearful, cunning, growling crew of

passengers. Hailing down to the wind they now reap the whirlwind! Times out of number has the trusty "Hope" crossed the track of the demon vessel. Her life-boats have many a time been thrown out to the suffering crew of the "Despair" without success. On she speeds to her doom! What a melody rang through her decks! "There stands in the bow a poor, delirious drunkard, tearing his hair. Drink has nearly drenched his soul. Soon his doom will be sealed. Near him is a poor harlot. Taken up with the fire and passion of sin is she! In an evil hour she yielded. Terrible fact, she approved the devil's voice. See the small crowd of men gambling at the doomed ship. Their eyes seem to start out of their heads as they throw the dice and sort their cards. Many change hands; curses rend the air. In short, millions they damn each other's souls."

## FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND

are found along the decks of the "Despair." Some have openly rebelled, and driven the nails afresh into Jesus' hands and feet. Down, their lost friends, they have cursed, and all too late they groan "neath their loadage." Hell holds high carnival over them. There too, in the stern stands the wife-killer. Truly he has treated his wife as he had promised to love and cherish. Their little children gather round them. A regular pandemonium prevails among her passengers. What an awful port they are bound to! Their helmsman stands on the bridge. The firemen stroke the fearful fire. The raging storm drives her on, and hell gapes wide to receive her living, suffering freight.

Cruel monster of hell! What voice hast thou brought to humanity! Thy sin, thy shame hath left its mark. Thou hast damned millions. Thou hast made myriads of wretched homes. Thou hast filled the asylums. Thou hast built countless hell-traps. Thou hast blasted fair lives. Thou dost seek to damn the world, but Jesus is all-powerful.

JESUS CAME TO BREAK THY POWER, and then art a chained enemy! Thy dominion before! No longer need man and woman despair of ever giving thanks the dark abyss of sin and misery into which thou hast plunged them! Jesus has accomplished His mission! He came to bring glad tidings to sin-bound souls. Jesus is King. Jesus shall reign. Hallelujah! Hail, Thou Christ of Christmas!



## Wrecked—Rescued—Anchored!

BY MRS. J. A. H. HAYES.

**C**HILD piercing wind swept in gusts across the platform of the railway station at 11—, one dark winter night, causing the few people who were about to take the homing train to considerably quicken their pace toward the warm, well-lit waiting-room, where, engaged in purchasing their tickets and having the last few words to friends who had come to say them off, everyone seemed too much absorbed in their own affairs to notice a young girl who had entered alone and stood in a half-hesitating way beside the door. "I wonder when I had better take my ticket for? Where shall I go," she thought. "I must get away from home. I cannot, and will not, let poor mother know of my trouble. It would kill her. I would so have liked to go out to the farm and see her one more."

## BUT I DARE NOT.

And the poor despairing heart that felt as though it was really tarring to stone nerves itself up to bear the cruel assault all alone, so that poor mother might be spared the disgrace. A sad-sad cry she was, who had lost all she had dear, and was, partly, loved once and home, all for the one who had betrayed and deceived her. Where, indeed, could she find a refuge? Suddenly the vision of a large city, a long distance off, was dashed into her mind, and, quickly she stepped up to the ticket office, purchased her ticket, and boarded the train; and through the long night as they railed on in the darkness, she seemed

## TO LIVE OVER AGAIN

the last few months of her life. That night stood out in vivid distinctness. She had gone to the Army barracks and listened to the lecture officer, who was leading the meeting, as she told of those who had been rescued from the depths and found a Deliverer in Jesus. She had been very much impressed by the meeting, and as the officer said, "We are always willing to take any poor girl who needs our help and love." From that night she would ever need such help. The bright summer had sped by so pleasantly. The young man to whom she was engaged seemed so true, so worthy of her affection, that not a shadow seemed to come across her sky. But at last her dream of love had been shattered, and what an awakening! When one day he had announced his intention of going to another place to work, even then she could not believe so really meant to desert her. He would surely keep his word. But as time dragged wearily on, the whole weight of sorrow seemed turned as a

mighty tide upon her, and she realized the fact that she had been deceived and deserted by him who had promised to make her his wife.

## IN THE DESPERATION OF HER SOUL,

she determined to leave her native town and go where she was not known, and started off as we have already told. A few days after, she stood at the door of the Rescue Home, her pale face and pleading gray eyes looking so full of suppressed sorrow that our hearts warmed at once toward her. She was admitted as an inmate. After telling her her sad story, she never gave us an instant's trouble. Obedient, loving, patient, industrious, she became a great help in the sewing-room. We could always depend on her, and as we look at some of the garments she made, we feel they are almost too sacred to use.

## THE SHEET IS MADE.

Our patient, suffering one came to Jesus as a little child, seeking edily, asking Him to forgive her her sins. We all knelt around the supper table and life sat His seal upon her brow and stamped her as His own. She moved about among us purified and saint-like, yet with a patient look upon her face, as if all earthly joy had been crushed from her life. She did not cry much, but she tried much, and the minutes she passed in the Rescue Home endeared her to us more and more. When her little fatherless babe was born, God provided a good home for it. She went out in an business meeting, and the will that had been so firm not to let her mother know, was subdued. "You can write and tell her now," she said to the matron; and when her poor old mother came one day, Irene was lying upon her bed in the hospital suffering from diphtheria, too weak even for her first-born mother to see her. The deadly disease was its course rapidly, for soon the stamp of death was seen on her lower, and from the poor parched lips came the whispered words, "I'm an idiot, let us sleep now." As the kind nurse bent down low and told her she could not live again the whisper came,

## "I'M NOT AFRAID."

My sin are all forgiven," and she passed away.

## THE SHEET IS MADE.

"We miss her," writes one of the Home officers, "but we feel so thankful that the first one out of the Home is with Jesus."

## CHRIST OR DESPAIR?

**T**HERE is a memorable passage of Lavater, in which he says that there are but two alternatives for man—Christ or despair. And the spiritual experience of mankind has deepened the mystery of life. This is the time when a man must choose between the shining sources of joy and love, between God and the world, between righteousness and evil—between Christ and despair.

For there is some light in every life. Light, at least, in the garments of existence. We do not open our eyes at noon upon a darkness, and sin. Youth is a time of hope, at least it may be a time of

## THE HOPE LAID UP IN GLORY FOR THE FAITHFUL.

FAREWELL MESSAGES OF 1893'S GLORIFIED WARRIORS.

Mrs. CAPTAIN FREEMAN: "Jesus is very precious."

LIEUTENANT TONNIE, North Bay of Rest: "Praise God."

LIEUTENANT MOORE, Children's Shelter, Toronto: "Praise the Lord, this is the happiest moment of my life. . . . The only thing I feel sorry about is that I didn't do more for the Lord. . . . I'm God's little child."

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD, Campbellton: "Tell them I'm well in my road, and I have a bright hope beyond. Tell the sinners to get saved and the churches to be true."

BAND SECRETARY GOODCHILD, Hamilton: "To me and all life's evening will come. How dark and how sad will be the long night of eternity that follows to those who have not the light of a Saviour's love."

But to those who are faithful and true the sunset of earth will be the sunrise of heaven."

POLLOCKMAN BROTHER FORBES, Coburn: "Brothers, go on and meet me in heaven. . . . I was weary in body here with suffering, but I am at rest now."

LITTLE WILLIAM HENRY (aged nine): "How much I would like to see Jesus. I love Him because He first loved me."

MURDER CONVICT: "Give me a real Army funeral. . . . All is well with my soul. Hallelujah!"

ALICE MOORE, Clinton: "Oh, splendid! The Saviour is very, very near. . . . What a change for me to be home in heaven! I want to meet all my friends there."

OWEN SHOOT, Ottawa: God had blessed him in his sickness, he said, and filled his heart with greater love for all.

THOMAS CONNELL, Woodstock: "A! I'm right."

SISTER KENTON, Lippincott: "Oh, if those unweary boys and girls were lying here in this pain they would have no time to pray." When asked if she could sing as she had so often done in the meetings.

"I'll sing when the death-deer has laid me low, I'll sing then, my Jesus, be true, she answered."

"Yes, if I had the strength."

CORBETT TAYLOR, Blenheim: "It is all well. Jesus is so precious."

MAJOR DENNIS, Nanaimo: "I love the Lord with all my heart. I am fully His, resting in Him, and whether I live or die, it's all right. I am His anyway."

LITTLE FIVE-YEAR-OLD MARY'S SISTER, Berlin: She was "going to be with Jesus," she told her mother.

JAMES SIMMONS: "I am going there," he said, pointing to the sky; and "Jesus" was his last word.

BROTHER BEATON, North Sydney: "I am happy. I was never so happy in all my life." So he testified one night. The next morning he was found dead in bed.

ARABELLA WINTER, Parramatta: "I am only waiting for Jesus to come, and it won't be long now."

LITTLE JESUS ANNE, Barrie: To her weeping sister she said, "Mary, you should not be crying, but laughing. I would be laughing only for this pain."

"Mrs. ROBINSON, Owen Sound: "I'm all right; I'm having the victory."

BROTHER MCGARRY, Dotwell: Clapping the hands of his family he pleaded with each to "be good."

CHARLOTTE RITCHIE, Toronto: "I do want to be all that God would have me to be." This was her testimony in a meeting.

GEORGE NEUBERT: "All is well. . . . I haven't the least doubt of my acceptance with God."

LESLIE EVANS, Campbellton: "If I hadn't got saved before I was sick I don't think I could now."

MR. JOHN PUFFLEWELL: "I'll soon be landed."

SISTER STURGE, Dresden: "Lord, I do believe."

BROTHER RUPPEL: "Prepare to meet thy God, for you know not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh." So he said in his testimony shortly before he was found wedged in between the engine wheel and the wall, and frozen stiff, alone.

SISTER FORTES, Berlin: "Comrades, go on; there is great victory."

SISTER MRS. GUTTE, London: "Thank God, it is well with my soul," she said, in the midst of her sufferings.

CHARLES MONK, Calgary: "Jesus is real. Jesus is precious. . . . Good-bye, good-bye, Jesus wants me home."

MRS. WINTER, Port Perry: COLON SECRETARY LAMBER, Halifax: MRS. McDONALD, Norwiche: MRS. WAINWRIGHT, Toronto: MRS. CORNER, Campbellton: ANNE McLEAS, New-castle: MRS. PALMER, JOSEPH COTTON, Miss GUTHRIE, Petrolia: SISTER GATZ, Montreal: MOTHER MILES, Stratford: MRS. BALLARD, Toronto Junction: LITTLE NANNY, Kingston.

All these and others from our Canadian ranks this year have crossed the river rejoicing, "Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."



## The Devil's "Tanglefoot."

BY EDWARD H. MARCHANT.

NE day last summer while watching an almost countless number of flies who had been caught in "tanglefoot," I learnt a lesson. Some were struggling energetically, wildly, almost piously, as if sure they were.

BY FIELD REPRESENTATIVE EXHIBITS

Going to free themselves from the sticky substance. Some were feebly, faintly, yet surely striving to get out of the "tanglefoot," but were well-nigh exhausted as evidenced by the low, faint, incoherent buzz they were making. Others had given up all hope, and were merely waiting to die. Some were already dead.

A few things I could not fail to notice about the "tanglefoot."

1. Its appearance was attractive to its prey.
2. It was effectively held every fly who once fairly settled upon its apparently glossy surface.
3. The more those flies when it had enticed tried to liberate themselves the more they each became entangled.

I did not make enquiries as to what ingenuities were used in mixing "tanglefoot," but one thing about it was evident, it was a terror on the poor flies, and very soon thinned them down. I have thought since of

ANOTHER KIND OF "TANGLEFOOT."

which, alas! it is in the world, the ingenuities of which have been carefully, wisely, and wily invented, and mixed by the alchemy of man's soul, and which is quite as effectively used with a view to attract, catch, hold, destroy and damn the very souls whom Christ came to save, as was the "tanglefoot" to the flies.

There was still one more feature about "tanglefoot" which had struck me. It was this: the flies who were enjoying their liberty and flying about the room, appeared to be blind to the sad position, which their fellow-flies who had got entangled, were in; many of them, therefore, madly flew to the aid of their struggling comrades, only to meet the same variable fate—death.

Then I looked out into the poor world and I saw vast crowds, thousands, thousands, millions of precious souls, similarly

enticed, caught, captured, enslaved in the devil's "tanglefoot." Some of them said they were happy, and sang, danced, and consequently pranced about as did the flies, as if by their very energy to decoy those who were at liberty and make them believe that, though entangled, they were nevertheless having a good time; those however had only just got caught with "tanglefoot."

There was another crowd who had been entangled for some time, and had grown tired and sick of sin and were vainly trying to get free, but, like the flies, the more they struggled to extricate themselves, the more they became entangled, sinking deeper and deeper into the misery and pollution of sin. Other poor souls had tried to be good, and failed so often that they too, like the dependent flies,

HAD GIVEN UP ALL HOPES

and were the subjects of that terrible slavish monster—Despair. But what broken my heart the most of all was that although some said they had got delivered—freed—saved from the devil's "tanglefoot" themselves, yet they would look on and watch daylong, morning, afternoon, struggling, despairing multitudes—hear their groans for deliverance, behold their utter helplessness to free themselves, see their fainting and dying for salvation all around them every day—and yet

NEVER PUT FORTH AN EFFORT

to save them from their ghastly fate, or prevent those who were just on the verge of being entangled.

I heard the Christmas bells peal. I listened to the music, merriment, and mirth of this festive season. I saw the gleaming, gaudy fashions of the world. I beheld the friendships and acquaintances of the jolly, collecting, happy-go-lucky crowds. I heard their rivial songs, and jokes, and boasts. I thought for awhile of their summits and pleasures, lit up in all the gay splendor of nineteenth century art, device, and invention, but through all the wine that exhilarated, the light that dazzled and the music that charmed, and underneath all the mirth that attracted, the dance that delighted, and "the play" that pleased, I could plainly see that all of it in reality was

"THE DEVIL'S 'TANGLEFOOT.'"





*"The Battle is not Yours, but God's."*

BY MAJOR ROBBERY

No real, good, and true man will ever be entirely free from difficulties and enemies in this world, whatever he may be in the next. Consider for illustration and instruction a chapter from the experience of King Jehoshaphat. He was a good man, but notwithstanding that

## WE HAD NO ENEMIES

for he was informed that "a great multitude" was coming against him, determined, if possible, to take his life. This "great multitude" consisted of three great armies—the Moabites, the Ammonites, and the Scythians—all united and resolved to conquer and kill Jehoshaphat and his people. But what did Jehoshaphat do in this never-ending hour of trial? He did that which proved him to be:

1. A natural man.
2. A spiritual man.
3. A sanctified-common-agree man.

He was a natural man, for he "feared," and what is more natural than to tremble with fear in the time of real trouble? But he was a spiritual man for he prayed. He "set himself to seek the Lord." In his trouble he turned to God. He compelled his knees to stop trembling by bending them, and then he acted as a sanctified common sense man, for he requested others to pray with him—"he proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah." In this red-hot prayer meeting, Jehoshaphat, the king, prayed for himself and his people, and for the king of Assyria. (2 Chron. 20: 1-13) and the reader should look it up and read it on his knees before reading any further these comments thereon.

Here was a confession of weakness and ignorance which, as a king and leader of God's hosts, could neither have been easy nor pleasant to make. But he made it. He told God in the presence of the people that he felt as weak as a child and as ignorant as an imbecile. But he did not stop there. While he confessed his weakness and ignorance, he also confessed his confidence in God. "Our eyes are upon Thee." Whatever might happen he resolved never to run away—never to be a deserter—a backslider, and no sooner had Jehoshaphat finished his prayer than

THE SPIRIT OF GOD FELL  
--not upon him--but upon a man who sat "in the midst of the  
congregation."

For "then upon Jahaziel came the Spirit of the Lord," and he at once rose on and said:

That relieved Jehoshaphat. He at once took his seat to listen to

Jahaziel because he had got a "Thine faith in the Lord," and he had that, because he had just become filled with the Spirit. Oh, for a baptism of the Holy Ghost to come upon every Salvationist! There would, at any rate, be no "despair" among any of us, but "hope," and faith, and courage to speak for God. Now came the revelation to the good king. Jahaziel's message was—

"Thus with the Lord unto you, be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; for the battle is not yours, but God's; and, therefore, He will be with you."

was his, and had summoned that prayer-meeting on purpose "to

ask help of the Lord," but now he is informed that the battle is *lost*, and that he must be willing to *help God*, i.e., he must be whole-hearted and consecrated—a thorough, devoted soldier. Observe his action now. Both he and his people all went down to the mercy seat together! For he "bowed his head with his face to the ground," and all the people with him "*fell before the Lord*." The next morning they were up "early," and got into marching order. Instead of taking with them "carnal weapons," Jehoshaphat told them to keep believing, saying—

He composed a beautiful song for them to sing as they went forth to meet the foe. This they sang possibly hundreds of times as they went marching along; and as it was early in the morning, their enemies were asleep, and possibly *dawning* of victory! Presently the music of a terrible song awoke them, and they jumped up inquiring, "What's the matter?" They answered their own question by saying—

“Oh, it is all right: it is only  
 SOME RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATION  
 going forth to a religious ceremony! But look! They are coming  
 towards us! What is it they are singing?”  
 “Hallelujah! For His mercy endureth for ever!”

And they knew no more. They at once became mesmerized, or hypnotized, or spiritualized, for the Ammonites and Moabites stood up against the Scythians and slew every one of them, and so then the Moabites and Ammonites slew one another, so that when Jehoahaphaz came near, he found they were all "dead bodies fallen to the earth, and none escaped," and he and his people had nothing to do but to "take away the spoil," and in doing so "found among them in abundance both riches with the dead bodies, and precious jewels, and they were three days in gathering of the spoil, it was so

And then with "psalteries, harps, and trumpets" they returned to Jerusalem with great joy.

Th, my dear comrade, can we not take courage from this and cheer up? Hope on and "nil desperandum." Some of you perhaps are in real trouble: yes, you may have a threefold enemy—not

The world will oppose you, and "the world" may include your relatives or friends who try to hinder you from whole-hearted surrender for God by making you afraid of what they may say or do.

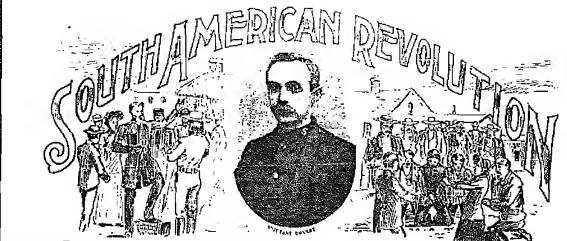
The *Self*, perhaps, is your enemy, and says whole-hearted service for Jesus would mean self-denial, self-sacrifice, or giving up some doubtful conduct, unnatural habit, questionable company, worldliness, and pride.

Then there's the devil. He will oppose you and suggest you do sufficient for others already. In fact, all who wish to be out-and-out for God and souls prove the existence of this threefold enemy. But the battle is not over—it is God's. He can give the victory, and has promised it. "Thus saith the Lord, I will yet for this be to the church."—*Isaiah*

such as the battle for purity, business, perfect love, peace at home, salvation of children and neighbors. The battle is God's, and we must be His loyal, consecrated, whole-hearted soldiers. Then we

shall have victory all along the line. Every day will be filled with "hope," and our motto will always be—"Nil Desperandum!"

SOUTH AMERICAN REVOLUTIONS



THE difficulty at this moment is not so much the want of something to write about, but how to fish it up so that it may be palatable and profitable to the Canadian reader.

THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC HAS JUST BEEN BORN FROM ONE END TO THE OTHER BY THE CRY OF REVOLUTION, AND ONLY A PERIOD OF THREE DAYS HAS ELAPSED SINCE THE ENTIRE COUNTRY OF BUENOS AYRES WAS SHUT UP, OWING TO THE RAIL VEHICLES BEING USED BY THE GOVERNMENT AND THE WAR SHIPS, WHICH WERE IN THE RIVER PLATA, BLOCKADED BY THE GOVERNMENT FLEET WITH THE OBJECT OF TURNING OUT THE PRESIDENT. ALTHOUGH THE SUPPOSED VICTORY WAS GAINED, IT WAS AT THE EXPENSE OF HUNDREDS OF ANIMS LOSING THEIR LIVES IN THE STRUGGLE.

Last Sunday the Salvation Army had arranged special meetings at the No. 111 Corps, led by the commander, Major and Mrs. Clifton, but at the time appointed to convene they were not present by their absence, owing to the locality in which the Major's house was situated having been captured by the revolutionists. Arrived at the Corps, this time with the object of overhauling the Provincial Congress.

Revolutions, I may say, are the means used by South Americans to demonstrate their political creeds, and to ouster Presidents and Provisional Governors of the respective Republics. Consequently revolts in these countries naturally

BEFORE THEM TO THEM,

not can be heard saying in different parts that the late revolution  
has resulted in much good. But, however true this may be, they  
are not the least highly and amply, and altogether inconsistent with  
the methods adopted to bring about the present remedy national  
evil. The fact that they are, and are, is a very serious and

of the most lively revolution moves, and the work of the late  
Army is not belied in that respect. During the eighteen months  
it has been established there, a great number of souls have been  
saved, and thousands of lives have been saved.

The meetings in Buenos Ayres, the capital of the Argentine,  
are not a revolutionary character as in the other parts of  
Republic. Only last week at the No. 1 Corps the hall was

with four policemen acting as Orderly Sergeants, and outside was a long line of 200 people giving vent to their feelings by bawling at the door-keeper, until his tunic was more yellow than black. But inside of all this, there came to me no word, move or sound.

One occurrence which brought it still nearer to our doors was on visiting one of our friends to learn that he abhor a means to restrain

There is another Army of revolutionists who entered the Araya

the Republic on December 22, 1899, and are equally anxious to conquer against a thousand odds.

for good government, the characteristics of their methods also have a revolutionizing influence, viz., the Salvation Army. The Province of Mendoza is the latest attacked by its forces. The capital of

THE ACTUAL SKY OF WAIL.

unhinged as yet by the Salvation Army, but undoubtedly a special field for the future. However, the opening of the former plant looked upon as a considerable advance in that direction. Salvat forces are lying at its very door, and when marching orders given it will only be a matter of four days and they will be

Mendoza is somewhat famous in history on account of the earthquake which occurred on Ash Wednesday in the year 1861, when a monument of time 13,600 perished, not more than 1,000 escaping. The whole city was destroyed; not even the streets were traceable. Nevertheless a new city has been built, a new people—wonderful

which is having a telling effect on the city in general. Max Clahorn, who is at present conducting some special meetings there, writes as follows: "Mekunza is doing only just now. There is much interest aroused, and I feel very hopeful about the future."

The work here. Rosario, Santa Fe, as already mentioned, was one of the most lively revolution scenes, and the work of the Salvator Army is not behind in that respect. During the eighteen months it has been established there, a great number of souls have been saved, and three of those have become Cadets.

just as much of a revolutionary character as in the other parts of the Republic. Only last week at the No. 1 Corps the hall was

PAID TO THE DOORS,

with four policemen acting as Orderly-Sergeants, and outside was

The Social Branch is attracting attention on all sides, and compelling the most indifferent mind to think about its philanthropic objects. The following figures show its actual movements:

June, July, August and September: Sheltered, 2,400; meals supplied to 7,142 persons. This territory is large and the opportunities for doing good are many, but the forces are, as yet, only

children with the demands. However, some of the chief characteristics, an prominent in all nor ranks, are well to the front in the country, namely, self-sacrifice and adaptability, which are helpful to conquer against a thousand odds.

## THE RESCUING PARTY; Or, God's Salvation Army Miners.

BY BRIGADIER DE BARRETT.

WE are living in a world of more and action. We cannot take up the War Cry of any particular country, or even the daily press, without finding that the wheels not only grind surely, but that they move swiftly. Even after events such other with surprising any Salvationist who walks about open mind will find abundant illustration of every great truth.

Lately several such incidents have come before me, and have been used and blessed by God to emphasize those truths that they are calculated to explain and illustrate, and I have, therefore, decided that the few lines that have been allotted to me shall be occupied in bringing before the readers of "Hope and Despair" some of those incidents that have been of some service.

Our illustration represents one of those catastrophes that from time to time are brought with sorrow and despair upon those whom they have affected both directly and indirectly.

Born in a mining country, having labored amid thousands of miners, who to-day are

AMONG THE RIGHTEST AND BEST

of our Salvation warriors, I have from time to time been brought into contact with those and events, which are known as colliery accidents. Their cause is too well known to warrant me in taking time to explain them; their effects, alas! are also painfully recognized by all. Even our own ranks have been diminished by these terrible occurrences, and many a brave soldier-warrior, who has left home, and wife and little ones in the morning, has been carried home a lifeless corpse, or soldier still, his loved ones have wept around the mouth of the shaft to be told that there was no

hope of ever recovering his body. A characteristic of many, indeed nearly every coal mining accident, has been the opportunity it has afforded of true heroism, courage, and bravery.

Indeed quite a feature of these calamities has been the number of lives that have been lost in attempting to rescue the imprisoned or recover the bodies of the dead.

Oh, yes, I have long seen what every salvation warrior must have observed, that men only need to recognize and believe the necessity for heroism, gallantry, and bravery, and heroes will always be found. Alas! alas! that it is chiefly outside the annals of Christianity and amongst those who profess no allegiance to God's name that such deeds of daring, self-sacrifice, and courage have been known, and yet it is also true that there are to-day, though perhaps unknown and unnoticed by the world.

DEEDS OF EQUAL HEROISM AND BRAVERY known only to God, and that will only be recognized on that Great Day!

Such was that of that brave male officer whom I met in Australia, but a type of those who persist in remaining at the battle's front, taking his stand on the platform, attending the open-air, and warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come, although he was literally and truly dying upon his feet. Standing by his dying bed only a few days after he had ceased public work, in the intervals his racking consumptive cough would allow, he took the hand of his dear wife, and placing it in mine, asked me if I would promise him that, after his spirit had left for the better world, his dear, devoted wife should be allowed to resume her old position as a corps leader, that provision should be made for their little child, so that the woman-warrior

MIGHT CARRY ON THE WORK.

The true and inspired heroism that helps a man or woman to despise the example of those whose example is not worthy of imitation is not unopposed by God, and is often a blessing to His fighting people. The soldier-saint, who refuses to be guided as to what God wishes him to do or to be by the lives of those who have no realization of the reality of heaven and hell, has a rare gift. And we also are convinced that there are in the ranks of Salvationists to-day officers, men and women, who are literally being spent for the Master's service.

Yes, I say, once let, at any rate God's own people thoroughly grasp the reality of eternity, the value of souls, and we shall have such spiritual awakenings as this Dominion has never known. Instead of having to persuade men and women to go and save the lost, the difficulty will be to find work and opportunity for zeal and enthusiasm to manifest itself.

And there, whether on the coal field, battle field or on the deep blue sea, true heroism and forgetfulness of self have often taken hold of men in such a way as to make them into a second and a higher and better self. And oh! if the danger of a temporary death and the love of mankind can influence others,

WHAT MAY WE EXPECT?

When all this better, finer, inspired feeling is kindled and purified by the grace of God, and when alone with Him or in a public assembly, man and woman shall seek the love of the world's Saviour and the baptism of His spirit.

And now, my dear reader, the question is how do you stand with regard to Christian heroism, courage and self-forgetfulness? I need not say for our comfort to assure you that the reason why men's souls are not saved is because God's workers are not more numerous, and that the explanation why those who are His soldier-workers are not more blessed by God is because they are not more self-sacrificing and self-denying. We all admit this. Alas! alas! alas! how inexplicable that hell, and death,



and judgment, the blood of Christ, His sweat, and toil and life and death, are all so little understood that even many of His people are merely satisfied with living a life of soulless worship without ever thoroughly realizing themselves up in the great responsibility for the souls of those about them! Can you teach with confidence to God's Throne in such a condition? Will not the cries of damned souls ring through your ears even as you stand in the very presence of the blood-washed and redeemed? Oh! for one moment, control, if you can, the experience of such a

one and that of the soldier-warrior who has literally been

KATES UP WITH THE SEAL, OR OUR'S MOVING.

who shall go before His God and King, carrying the chains he has gathered and shall receive that blessed commendation: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

If you have not this experience, then this very moment with "Hope and Despair" in your hands, get down on your knees before God and determine to be a soul-saver and one of God's real salvation miners.

## IN THE NICK OF TIME . . . .

A Reprieve for the Prisoner.

BY OBSERVER.

N the nick of time! How often have we felt as if by nothing but darkness and despair, and yet, just in the nick of time, just at the point of yielding, something, either a whisper from God's spirit or a voice from His blessed Word, or a bit of cheer from a fellow-comrade, came to us and seemed to change the current of our thoughts heavenward and bring into our life

A YEAR OF FAITH AND ENCOURAGEMENT that made us wonder why we could have been so faithless as to doubt God! Let us draw some such lesson from our illustration.

I remember reading, when a boy, of a prisoner being condemned to death for some offence against the rules. His punishment was just one, for his crime was of a base character. His last day came. He was placed on the scaffold and the black cap pulled over his head. Just as the trap-door was going to open and allow him to drop and break his neck, a herald was sent forcing his way through a reprieve, brought about by some influential persons in court circles. Imagine the joy of that man whose hopes for pardon had long since vanished. It is not a striking parallel to what Christ accomplished for us!

Another case, and a more recent one, in which a Salvationist

is concerned. In Shepton-Mallett corps in England, some years ago, a soldier told the following striking story:

One night, with another companion and a woman, he left the saloon in which they had been drinking and drunk, at three. The

WOMAN WAS FOUND DEAD NEXT MORNING BY THE REARDEER.

with her throat cut. He, with his companion, was brought before the Assizes, and as the evidence all went against him, he was sentenced to be hung. The worst feature in the case was that he was so drunk he did not remember what he did that night, and as he heard the evidence against him he was almost convinced he was the murderer. In his cell he could hear them preparing the gallows for him, and had given up all hope. The night before he was to be executed his companion confessed that he had murdered the woman, and so, to his unspeakable astonishment and delight, our comrade was liberated. Soon after he got converted and became a valiant soldier for God.

There may be one who will read these few lines and feel, as he or she looks back on the past life of sin, that hope for salvation is entirely fled, God having given ground of seeking their soul's extinction. Let me tell you that though you can may seem entirely past the remotest chance of pardon, God can, "in the nick of time," grant you a reprieve, on the ground that His Son died for you, and set you free from the fear of death and bondage of sin. Don't despair, God loves you still.



## From Skipper's Boy to Officer.

BY MR. STAFF-CAPTAIN BEAD, NEWSPAPERMAN.



Where the blue waves of the great Atlantic wash up on the rocky western coast, and in line of tempest and storm swell and roar, here the subject of this little sketch was born.

Fortune is one of the principal wants of the herring fishery, and as a great number of American vessels come here for bait, it is rather important. The Fortuna fished for cod here for last, it is rather important. The Fortuna fished for cod here for last, it is rather important.

George's father is an Englishman, who came to Newfoundland many years ago. His mother has been married for thirty years. It was at

AS AN OLD-FASHIONED METHODIST REVIVAL that God spoke peace to her soul. Consequently his early life was surrounded by Christian influences. He attended Sabbath School, and as each denomination is responsible for the education of its youth, he went to the Methodist day-school.

Thanks to a mother's prayers and a natural love for reading, he can say—"I never have had a rough life like some. Never drink. Never went into a public house that I can remember."

George was converted first when twelve years of age, and for two years did right, but gradually drifted away. So when he first attended Army meetings in St. John, he was a wanderer from the fold. He fell in love with them nevertheless, and the second night after they opened at his home he came to the prodigal's Father.

George went to sea at thirteen, the first few years sailing round Cape Breton catching "squids" for the Frenchmen. He also went to the Labrador. Seven years here found him a chieftain on "The Banks." Some of the adventures he has encountered have been thrilling.

One of the most serious occurred last May. His party left on the tenth. Just after they had anchored on the night of the 17th a fearful storm came up. It was quite impossible to stand on deck. Tens of hundreds of cables were dragged by the tempest for forty miles. The wind

blew a perfect hurricane, driving the helpless crew before it like a ball. The vessel's six "decks" with new gear had just been put out. All the gear was swept away, at a great loss to the owner. One of the boats was smashed to pieces, two others lost.

BRIGHT and clear dawned the Christmas morning. The young people of a Newfoundland town had been sent on their way to the north, to the mountains high around them and threatened for twenty hours to swallow them beneath its angry depths. Nothing to eat could be obtained until they reached it at intervals. The awful silence was broken by the roaring winds, the crashing of waves in the forests, and presently the prayers and songs of the several soldiers on board.

When the darkness dispersed, the clouds rolled away, and the heavy sea settled a little, our seamen started for home to repair their loss. The excitement which prevailed when they were sighted by their friends is scarcely to be imagined, for these dear people knew only too well what fearful consequences follow such a time of danger. There they stood in crowds on the pier, anxious to know if any lives had been sacrificed to the greedy waters.

At another time our comrade thought death was inevitable. He and another—no aged married man—left ship in their "day" on a fishing expedition. Though a "man" there was blowing there was no apparent sign of a storm. All unexpectedly a huge wave turned over their boat, and they found themselves struggling in the surf. Brother Thompson felt sure death was very near. He was

STUNNED ALMOST TO DEATH—THOMPSON

by the sudden lurch, and all seemed black and heavy. As he rose to the surface he looked in the opposite direction to where his boat was lying half filled with water, and seeing no boat he was confident he would perish in a watery grave. But there was no fear. The mist of death had been taken away.

"If this is the way, Lord, you want to take me to glory I am ready. I am not afraid."

Just close at hand a leather was in danger, and he must try to save him. In long time that it takes to write he discovered his "day," but could, as yet, see no trace of his companion. On managing to swim to his boat he discovered him helplessly clinging to it with the tips of his fingers. He contrived in what was almost a miraculous way to extricate him from his perilous position. As their own and everything had been washed away, they were

IN DARK HORRORS

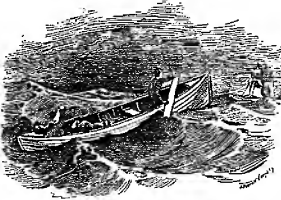
as to how they would reach their schooner, which was miles away.

They utilized the two remaining thwart (seats) Brother Thompson paddling at the bow, and the other one lying flat in the boat at the stern, resting one end on his head and paddling with the other. Three hours of laborious toil passed before faint, wet and cold, they reached a vessel which finally got them aboard their own craft.

George was enrolled the first recruit at his corps and got fully acquainted a few months afterward. A pension for souls took full possession then, and possesses him to this day, the reason he is fighting in the far-distant East is "because he is fighting in the far-distant East." "Why are you so far from home?" "I am fighting in the far-distant East." "Why are you so far from home?" "I am fighting in the far-distant East."

that hope and faith brighten and energize the soul and unconquerable. The trials and temptations which assail our brave soldiers are many indeed. Many a time have fathers seen their sons in the enemy's hands, and their hearts broken by the enemy, has our brother dropped his towel and given it to his mate—often married and father of a family.

Christmas this year will find him fighting as an officer in our beloved Salvation Army, bringing hope to dark hearts, and driving despair from the discouraged sorrowful ones in the name of the Lord Jesus.



## Through Unseen Dangers;

OR, A CHRISTMAS EVE INCIDENT.

BY FATE LETTER.

AFTER a hard punishment from God, I had just said I would live out and out for Him. "If I had only given you a chance." I read my Bible, but without seeing the way; yet the Lord had given me glorious promises that I should see the light—promises as clear and so definite, as rich and so good, that they have not yet all been fulfilled. Some indeed will only be fulfilled beyond Jordan. But at the time I was weak of it, I was not yet saved; I was still in the bondage of sin, and when looking for work I could find nothing but a situation as

PREPARED IN A HINDSIGHT CHURCH

in South America. Although untrained, I stated my case, went in my confidence, and against my expectation, and indeed almost my wish, was at once accepted.

I embarked on the steamer *Elia*, of the Knickerbocker Line, Captain Zimmerman, on the 21st of December, 1880, for Valparaiso. I was the only passenger. The vessel was the oldest of the line, and as one of the crew members would leave for the West Coast soon after Christmas, the passengers had evidently preferred spending their festive season with their friends in the Old Country.

On Christmas Eve we were in the Channel. There was a heavy fog, and the fog horns kept blowing all day. At ten o'clock at night I was

UNEXPECTEDLY ENCOUNTERED

on a buoy in the brilliantly lit dining room. A volume of poetry was before me, but I was staring into the light of the Christmas Eve, when the vessel stopped. The whistle seemed to have gone crazy, and the crew kept running about over my head as if they were going to be boarded by a pirate that was my impression. I remember. A few minutes later on the captain rushed

down without saying word, disappeared in a cabin, and went up with a bundle of papers and an ink-bottle. The ink-bottle, however, but suddenly it was turned into jargon.

THREE CHURCHES WERE OPEN.

and the crew began revelling again and shaking the delighted vessel.

Next morning I had breakfast and a glass of beer with the first officer as usual. It was only at dinner time that the captain said to me: "Well, you got badly scared yesterday!"

"Why, captain, I thought you were the man who was badly scared, when you came rushing down and up again with that bundle of papers. I thought you far from allowing your usual composure when on service. What was the matter?"

"Oh, nothing; we were just going to be run down by another steamer in the fog. She came so near us that

WE COULD SHAKE HANDS WITH THE CREW

from the rigging; and that was why we gave the cheer. But she did not grab us."

I have always considered it a peculiar sign of God's favor that He kept us in such an absolute peace and ignorance of the danger that night.

But the strongest thing to me has always been that I was half of a sailor myself. I had piloted many a vessel and steamer in the Irish Channel, and, by long experience, knew perfectly the meaning of the whistle and the danger signal.

How was it that I kept peacefully sleeping into the shining lights of the candlelight, without the slightest apprehension of danger on that peculiar Christmas Eve?

Thank God, since that event happened

MY LIFE HAS BEEN CHANGED!

DEATH—BET TESTIMONIES

OR

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

An active business man, seeing death unavoidable, said to his physician: "Doctor, I have made every provision for dying, and now I must die, though utterly unprepared for it."

John Wesley died with the words upon his lips: "The best of all is, God is with us. Farewell! Farewell!"

On the verge of death, just before he entered his well-earned rest, Dr. Payson exclaimed the victor's word. The victory is won for ever. I am going to battle in an ocean of purity and holiness and happiness through eternity. Faith and patient hold out."

Alas, as he neared the Judgment Day, cried: "My principles have poisoned my friends. My extravagance has beggared my boy. My selfishness has murdered my wife, and is now number ten! Oh, then blasphemed yet more indulgent God, hell is a refuge if it hide me from Thy frown."

Christmas Cheer.

Heartfelt and widespread has been the sentiment of sympathy with Mrs. Death during her prolonged anxiety for her suffering baby: and now, indeed, is the time of the fair road to health the danger past.

How things we feel, several would cheer the heart of our letter as much as to know that the readers of the "Globe" will not in the midst of all their own Christmas cheer, forget the tiny tempest of the Children's (children, and the lives of the girls in the "Globe" times, in whom Mrs. Death has taken profound and practical interest.

Take for the children, clothing for the women, just for all of them: in fact, anything and everything that will serve to make it seem a bit "Christmas" will be cordially and thankfully welcomed at the "Globe" home, and the children's (children, and the lives of the girls in the "Globe" times, in whom Mrs. Death has taken profound and practical interest.



## THE HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

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into similar service as  
representative of Japan.  
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Editor's Greeting

to think of the vast amount of time, care and labour has been bestowed upon this little paper, and the likely and useful information we know of it, and now that it is finished, we send it forth with faith that God will use its pages to stir up sinners in all parts, and bring poor, lost souls of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The real, half-truth stories will be found in the stranger than fiction, incidents and happenings of our life, and we cherish the hope that everyone will feel that they are better, purer, and more content some hours in the company of the article by the General on "Christmas Singing with interest. This has taken the place of the old hymns, and we are glad to see it.

[illegible]

THE EDITOR'S GREETINGS

[illegible][illegible]

## The Editor's Greetings to the Readers

— "Hope and Despair."

[illegible][illegible]





## SHEPHERDS WERE WATCHING

BY CAPTAIN PENNET.

TUNE—Till it come.

1 Shepherds were watching their flocks  
One by night,  
When round about them there shone a bright  
light.  
"Fear not," an angel said, "to you I bring  
News of the birth of a Saviour and King."

CHORUS.

Glorious to God, glory to God,  
Peace on the earth, and good will towards  
men,  
Jesus has left His bright home on high,  
Come to this world for each sinner to die.

Led by the star shining bright in the sky,  
Men came to Bethlehem filled with great joy;  
Down at His feet all adoring they fell,  
Lord, send this Spirit upon each and all.

Saviour, we worship Thee now as our King,  
While at this Christmas time to Thee we  
bring  
Offerings of thanksgiving lay at Thy feet,  
Feeling in Thee our great joy is complete.

## PEACE FOR THREE

TUNE—Hark, the herald angels sing!  
(B. J., 146.)

1 Gleaner, while the Saviour's pleading,  
Harkens to His loving call,  
While He now in sweetly speaking, wills that  
thou truly grieve up all.  
He is crying, "Come thou laden, come thou  
weary one to Me."  
Listen to His loving voice, "Come! just now,  
and be set free."  
(Repeat last line.)

Do not spare the grace He offers, nor resist  
His pleading voice,  
Blood there is thy sin to pardon, and to  
make thy heart rejoice.  
All thy sin He will forgive thee, He will  
free thy guilty soul,  
"Thou' thy sins as crimson be, they shall  
be as white as snow."  
(Repeat last line.)

Weary one, lay down thy burden and thy sin  
at Jesus feet,  
Spare His offered grace no longer, but accept  
that perfect peace  
Which the world can never afford thee, Jesus  
is the only way.  
At the Cross there still is room. He will  
save thee, come away.  
(Repeat last line.)

JESUS, THE SAVIOUR IS COME FROM  
ON HIGH.

BY BRIGADE-CAPTAIN A. TILNEY.

TUNE—The mercy of God. (H. J. No. 146.)

1 Wonderful tidings, oh, how they swell!  
Over the valley, the mountain and hill!  
Jesus, the Saviour is come from on high  
For a lost world, to suffer and die.

CHORUS.

Oh! the mercy of God!  
Oh! the mercy of God!  
Angels from over the bright, crystal sea,  
Herald the tidings "Salvation is free."  
Bleeding their voices in anthems of praise,  
To Jesus the Mighty, the Anointed of Days.

Leaving His home in heaven above:  
Oh, what amazing wonderful love!  
Here in a manger, the Saviour you find,  
Given a reason for all mankind.

Oh, what a Man of Sorrows was He,  
Bearing our grief in deep agony!  
Brimmed with guilt and shame not His own,  
Mocked by the world and left all alone.

Brought as a lamb to the slaughter was He,  
Shamefully beaten and nailed to a tree;  
Oh, how He loves us, the Saviour Divine!  
Oh, what a wonderful Jesus is mine!

Sinner, oh, listen, He lovingly pleads,  
"Come unto Me, I'll supply all your needs."  
Too momentary are swiftly passing away,  
Come to the Saviour, oh, do not delay!

## ON A WINTER'S DAY.

BY E. CHAFFIN.

TUNE—The ship that never returned.

1 On a winter's day, as in sin he rambl'd,  
Far away from friends and home,  
He heard a voice which plainly told him—  
"Thou no longer needest roam!"  
Then he came to Christ, who at once received  
And who made his poor heart whole,  
And every day he is now rejoicing  
In the God Who saves his soul.

CHORUS.

Did he ever return? No, he never returned  
To the sin that stained his soul;  
Not he left his life in the hands of Jesus  
Who has made his poor heart whole.

Now his heart is filled with love to others,  
And his days for souls he gives,  
Denying self of worldly pleasures,  
That in heaven they may live;  
A life of joy and praise and singing,  
The world for God he gains;  
And he's going to swell the Christmas  
"Christ on earth has come to reign."

## GOD'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.

BY EDWIN A. COWAN.

TUNE—Arie, my soul, arise.

5 God's Christmas gift to men,  
A life, so sweet and mild,  
His well-beloved Son,  
His Holy, spoken Child:  
Such wondrous love to sinners here,  
That precious gift shall now appear.

God's Christmas gift to earth,  
A Peace, the Prince of Peace,  
To still our raging waves,  
And bid our strife to cease.  
He heralds in salvation's plan,  
He brings good will from heaven to man.

God's Christmas gift from heaven,  
A King to rule below,  
His gentle life as pure  
As edily falling snow.  
Yet such His mighty power made known  
That all shall bow before His throne.

God's gift to sinful men,  
A Lamb for sacrifice,  
To bear away our sin,  
To bring us endless life.  
He gave at such a fearful cost,  
His blessed Son to save the lost.

Oh, Saviour, Christ the Lord,  
O' our Thy gentle sway;  
Thy beams, bright rays of light,  
Drive darkness far away,  
And where our hearts were bound by chains  
Thy matchless love allegiance claims.

## CONSECRATION.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN MARSHALL.

TUNE—And dare to leave it there. (B. J. H.)

6 In Bethlehem of old  
To Thee came Eastern kings,  
Who gave Thee frankincense and gold,  
From lands whose morning springs.

CHORUS.

Lord, at Thy feet I kneel,  
And all my precious things  
I give to Thee for woe or weal,  
And all Thy warfare bring.

Like them I worship Thee  
With body, soul and heart,  
But more ten thousand times to me  
Thou my Redeemer art.

No gold or myrrh have I,  
But all I have I give,  
For Thou art God and Lord,  
My life, O Lord, receive.

From this hour on no more  
Myself will I control,  
But since and latest, latest and store  
Are Thine, with all my soul.

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Yours, in the Saviour's service,

TRADE SECRETARY.

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